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A Modern Synthesis, by Lewis Mumford, on page 920

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Reading and Fighting

IN the New York *World* last week Mr. Harry Hansen raised a question, in passing, which has long been trembling on the tips of many tongues. Do the war books discourage war? Of the now many hundreds, if not thousands, of fictions, autobiographies, dramas, descriptions, and adventures in the war, much the largest number deal with the horrors and frustrations, the absurdities, barbarisms, and the mental wounds of war. In them the enemy is usually the war itself. And yet it is questionable whether they are not stimulants rather than preventatives of combat.

For young people, male or female, who are still in the age of expectancy, such books as "All Quiet on the Western Front" incite more than they discourage. The philosophy goes out of the head, the excitement remains. The war such books describe is no longer glorious, the heroes of adventure are no longer heroic in the romantic sense, the terrible hazards and unequalled sufferings of modern war are not omitted, the humiliations of military life and its divergence from everything civilized are not concealed.* Only alcohol, women, and "life in the loose" in general are still, in these books, given an aura of humor that is often false. Nevertheless, even the grimmest and most sordid of war stories has an almost irresistible fascination for the inexperienced. Pain, fright, disgust there may be, yet the life grips the imagination because it has (apparently) no monotony, and memorable experiences are (seemingly) of daily occurrence. By an easy identification of time unexperienced with time remembered, the horror, the suffering, the loss are felt as events remembered in tranquillity. The distress is vicarious. Furthermore these books are rich in action and as life in our civilization continues to develop more and more according to plotted specifications, action involving the unknown becomes more and more attractive to the imagination. This accounts for the success of detective stories as well as war books. Detective stories do not make criminals because the inhibitions against crime are strong in the persons that read them, and there are prisons visible in every town. War has no such deterrents to an aroused imagination. It is far away in time or space or both, and is approved by society. It is only a step from watching the lion in the Zoo to hunting him in the jungle.

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The really good war book is—just a really good war book. It is not propaganda, however it may be written. It is not going to teach the next generation the horrors of war. On the contrary, it may fill them with an inextinguishable curiosity. It is not going to persuade the young that war itself, after the first alarums, is dull, nasty, and, in its final effects, debasing. If war is ever dull, and there is plenty of affirmative testimony, the writers of these books never make it seem so. If they did, we would not read their books. The nastiness of war, when transferred to literature, becomes either a joke, or an attraction for an age of almost neurotic cleanliness that envies the occasions which justify it. The debasing effects of war are not to be found in the war books. They are the cankers of a long peace that suffers from its freight of demoralized women and broken men.

The appeal to the emotions is dangerous, as a preventative of war. Pity, disgust, fear may be aroused, but these lie close to adventurousness, courage, and the instinct for self-defence. Set flaming swords before a gate and there will be a riot to enter it. Say that a thing is deadly and the most alive will engage in it. And once in—caught.

It is the reason not the emotions that must be appealed to by those who hope by books to discourage war. Books that tell why wars come and what they leave behind them are more efficacious than adventures in poison gas and flames. They work more slowly upon the imagination, but more surely also. The appeal to personal danger and discomfort is limited and does not help straight thinking. A fuller understanding of the cause and possible cures of war will do more to keep the next generation out of trouble than all these war horrors on page and stage and screen. The pacifist fal-

(*Continued on page* 918)

* See in this connection, "The Realistic War Novel," by Sophus Keith Winther. University of Washington Chapbooks.

Rio Abajo

By MARY AUSTIN

IN October the Valle del Rio Grande
Is a spate of copper, molten
Under bright scums of aspen-gold,
Green gold the frost refines
Till the beholder checks midway his gasp
Lest the force of an indrawn breath loose round him
The flood of exquisite disaster.

At Algodones the orchards
Shoulder like cows at the milking pen,
Patient but fain of the hand that strips them.
At Las Lunas
The vineyards are prone to the cruising flocks,
At Isleta the Rio
Thins finely to a gleam
Of harness metal on a roan stallion's flanks,
And all the glimmering ghosts
Of summer's bright impetalled hosts
Drift on the moveless air between its banks.

This Week

"The Testament of Beauty."
Reviewed by LEONARD BACON.

"Machine Made Man."
Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT.

"Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas."
Reviewed by KENNETH SAUNDERS.

"Projects in Design."
Reviewed by CLEON THROCKMORTON.

"The Son of Apollo."
Reviewed by RAYMOND WEAVER.

"American."
Reviewed by STANLY VESTAL.

"Brother Anselmo."
Reviewed by LOLA RIDGE.

Regus Patoff.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week

Spring Book Number.

The Old Lion's Voice*

By LEONARD BACON

FEW poets are so lucky as Robert Bridges. Nine out of ten, like other men, seeing their hopes done to death in the torture chamber of fact, are presently as embittered as bankrupt grocers whom in many ways they resemble. They declare a futile guerrilla war against the world. They gather in cliques and coteries for mutual support. They form colonies and clubs, and their art is presently pitiful and unprofitable business. The laureate has escaped all that. For many years he has gone his own way, and pondered within himself. At a time of life when the eye is ordinarily dimmed and the natural force abated, he has found new music for passionate thought as beautiful as anything ever known to youth. And the world over men and women who love beauty will start at a distant and a solemn sound.

The old lion's voice roareth o'er all the lands.

"The Testament of Beauty" is a singular book. And the term singular is used in its original sense, and not as an equivalent for unusual or odd. In all our times as far as this reviewer is aware nothing like it has appeared. And he feels a more than ordinary sense of inadequacy in his attempt to give an account of it. All who have written about the book have been driven to comparisons with the ancient great, Milton, Dante. It is perhaps even more like Lucretius. And to push the resemblance would be an easy though frivolous stroke of rhetoric. But this book must not be handled so. It stands by itself alone, a great didactic poem, something not to have been expected of the times, and something altogether apart from and above the easy professional commentary that critics write, and which for reasons unknown readers will apparently read.

Whatever else may be true of "The Testament of Beauty" it is noble with a nobility unknown to the categories of our *clichés*. It has the real grandeur and the genuine force which can only enter where there is love and loveliness and veracity. A splendid severity of thought and expression goes hand in hand with a sympathy wide enough to touch and include all living. One may not understand it perhaps, but I cannot comprehend how any one with enough intellect to be allowed his liberty could fail to feel the noble beauty implicit in every page.

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The poem, which is a sort of spiritual cosmogony, has its longueurs and failures, though as I read and reread, I grow more and more doubtful of certain unfortunate first impressions. The harmonies of what Mr. Bridges himself calls "loose alexandrines," are frequently so subtle as not to be detected at first. It is, I think, a fair objection that many lines laboring with complicated thought collapse into prose. The thought itself is not always unperturbed crystal, and certainly does not invariably yield up its mystery even to intent rereading. And the reader has at all times the uneasy feeling that like the Grand Inquisitor he is not up to the intellectual pressure. All literature, all philosophy, all science are rather unmercifully assumed to be part of one's working equipment. An atom in its orbit, a star in its course, the blood in its channel, the track of a motor-impulse, there is nothing that does not come serviceably and easily to his hand. And to many an honest reader there will seem to be too novel a music, too elaborate an idea, and too baffling an exemplification.

* THE TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY. By ROBERT BRIDGES. New York: Oxford University Press. 1929. $3.50.

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To give an account of Mr. Bridges's thought is more difficult than might appear. The general scheme is clear enough, but any summary of "The Testament of Beauty" must necessarily be more than unusually unjust, for there is almost literally no padding. Illustrations and comment are practically integral with the whole idea. Briefly, the book is concerned with the origin of consciousness which split into two forms, intellect and spirit. Intellect is concerned with order, spirit with beauty.

> Verily by Beauty it is that we come at Wisdom,
> Yet not by Reason at Beauty.

But Reason has the difficult task of controlling the two principal human instincts which, as in Plato's myth, drag the chariot of man. The first of these instincts is the instinct of self-preservation, which he calls Selfhood, and which under the guidance of reason develops into altruism. The second, the instinct to reproduce, which he calls Breed, under the guidance of reason develops into Sacred Love. Out of the conflict and interplay of Selfhood and Breed have arisen all our ideas of ethic. My bald statement must surely have given the impression that here is unpromising material for poetry.

But the fact is that Mr. Bridges has known how to change the static into the kinetic. Any normal man has a legitimate aversion to dry ethic and funereal theory. As Mr. Bridges himself says:

> No lute ever sounded there nor muse hath sung.

But he has altogether escaped from the dry and the funereal which seem implicit in my unhappy summary. You feel at every moment that he is informed by some huge pity, and also that he is unperturbed by any terror however huge. The cold, conventional phrase which we have heard till we are tired, he has somehow managed to mint anew. The dry stave blossoms. There is a rose in the desert. In the twilight of philosophy great stars of poetry hang glimmering, and there is a sweet and wholesome scent in the dimness as of a temperate autumn evening.

To dissect a work which must be pondered but above all felt would be to trifle, but a word on the may not be altogether amiss. His "loose alexnes" are to me at least new and delightful . I quote a passage which is in every way —except God save the mark! in the spelling, which I cannot bear and have changed. The simile itself is meant to illustrate how the mind of Greece came upon the world.

> As some perfected flower, Iris or Lily, is born
> Patterning heavenly beauty, a pictured idea
> That hath no other expression for us nor could have:
> For that which Lily or Iris tell cannot be told
> By Poetry or by music in their secret tongues,
> Nor is discerptible in logic, but is itself
> Nay, nor search not by what creative miracle
> The soul's language is writ in perishable forms—
> Yet are we aware of such existences crowding,
> Mysterious beauties unexpanded, unrevealed,
> Phantasies intangible investing us closely,
> Hid only from our eyes by skies that will not clear;
> Active presences striving to force an entrance,
> Like bodiless exiled souls in dumb urgence pleading
> To be brought to birth in our conscient existence,
> As if our troubled lot were the life they longed for,
> Even as poor mortals thirst for immortality:—
> And every divination of Nature or reach of Art
> Is near attainment to the divine plenitude
> Of understanding, and in moments of Vision
> Their unseen company is the breath of Life:—
> By such happy influence of their chosen goddess
> The mind of Hellas blossomed. . . .

Everything is new and strange. Hardly a cadence of this poetry is known to us at all familiarly. Yet to me at least, it is extraordinary verse. And quite apart from its outward and visible qualities, like the King's daughter it is all glorious within.

I may have seemed dithyrambic in the course of this notice. Personally I believe I have something to be dithyrambic about. Mr. Bridges's poetry has always struck me as beautiful, but I confess that "The Testament of Beauty" has knocked me out of my rut and routine. Of course I may be wrong about it. But a new planet swam into our ken day before yesterday. And I will never believe that this serene fire is a mere cometary flare destined to start a momentary cackling among literary astronomers.

A new "Book of the Month" Club—the Book Guild has been formed in England. The members of the committee are Mrs. Kean Seymour, Miss Ethel Mannin, Mr. J. D. Beresford, Mr. Thomas Burke, and "George A. Birmingham."

"It Doth Not Yet Appear"

MACHINE MADE MAN: By SILAS BENT. With woodcuts by H. GLINTENKAMP. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

JUDGED at any particular moment, by any sort of standard conceived as absolute, this momentous world, so far at least as concerns the human part of it, seems a pretty sad affair. If this is the best it can do, 'twere well, as Huxley said, to have a comet or something hit it a wallop and knock it back into raw material. The Almighty himself—so anyway we are told—once felt that way about it, destroyed all except a pod-full preserved for seed, and . . . the first time the grapes were ripe, Noah got drunk again! In all times right up to now, a large part of literature, not to mention oral preachings, has consisted of woe about the state of the world at the moment of utterance. That's the point—at the moment of utterance. Also and no less, from the special point of view of the utterer.

Of late there has been perhaps rather more than commonly of this sort of lamentation. What with the goings-on of the Younger Generation, and pretty much everything else that we have had to keep getting used to, life seems to be growing more and more puzzling. Especially so for elderly people who are tired of being puzzled, and don't enjoy having to get used to things that they aren't used to.

* * *

Silas Bent, who is still young enough to enjoy getting used to anything except the way the newspapers behave, has given us a really stunning book, in which, in extraordinarily entertaining fashion, and with great wealth of detail, anecdotal, statistical—a mine of sheer and occasionally queer information—he describes the accomplishments of mankind from primitive beginnings, in respect of food, clothing, shelter, weapons, agriculture, communication, finance, labor, politics, education, international relations—even entertainment. It is a fine piece of work; journalistic in the best sense of the term—a first-class feature-story, well seasoned with reflective compunctions as to the *cui bono* of all this. It is wholesome reading—alike for those who do not know nor care whether "progress" has any destination, and those who feel sure that we are headed for the demnition bow-wows. I don't recall any other book that so well sets forth the features of our human work and some of its present apparent futilities. For he does point out some of the losses that go with supposed advantages. Here for example is woman, crowded out of the home by her "emancipation" from its ancient drudgeries, "all dressed up" as Solomon never was in fabrics whose making by machinery has left her with idle hands, "and no place to go." Here for another is political democracy, of which we still prate, decadent before the industrial autocracy inevitable in our present economic set-up. Here we are killing each other with automobiles in which we rush hither and yon without really getting anywhere.

Notwithstanding this flavor of the current alarm as to what the amazing machinery we have created is doing to us mentally, morally, spiritually, Mr. Bent concludes that speculation about the future is on the whole "safer on the bull side of the market." His opinion is that whether *in the end* we shall have mastered it, or drifted into servility to it, the machine anyway has engendered "a cult of competence and efficiency."

* * *

"In the end"—aye, there's the rub. What does he, or anybody else, know about "the end?" Let the "next war," as the pacifists and militarists alike are so fond of prophesying, "wipe out civilization"; will that be "the end?" The end of *what?* Whatever constituted civilization at the time has been "wiped out" repeatedly. From the point of view of the fleas, the world comes to an end every time a dog is washed. Mr. Bent contributes considerably to the impression that much if not most of what commonly is implied in the expression "civilization" would be a relatively small loss! If what we have right now is the best that can be done; if the "machine-made man" of this moment represents even at his very best the final fruitage of the cosmic process—why, bring along your comet: the game is hardly worth the candle. Right now we have gained incredible efficiency in processes which may or may not be worth while. We have not yet found out how to keep the labor-saving machine from throwing the laborer out of his job. We have learned how to finish shoes while the carcass from which the hide came is hardly yet cold; but we have not learned how to insure thousands against being barefoot for lack of earnings to buy them. We have worn ourselves to a nervous frazzle in our pursuit after and worship of *things* for their own sake; spending our money for that which is not bread, and our labor for that which satisfieth not. What's the use of a "cult of competence and efficiency" in doing profoundly unprofitable things? Mr. Bent himself raises but does not answer the question, what is all this doing to us *inside*? I know a lumberman who lives alone in a blossom-bowered cabin by the sea on the edge of the forest in British Columbia, great of soul and at peace with all the Universe. Awhile ago a rich yacht-owner, anchoring overnight before that cabin, commiserated my friend upon his poverty, urging him to move to the city where he could earn more money.

> "What do I want with money?" asked the old man.
> "Why, you could go some place."
> "Hell, ain't I some place now?"

Mechanical progress isn't of much use either individually or cosmically unless it sets man free from undue toil after mere things, and unless he learns how to use his liberty for that enlargement which makes him indifferent of property and place. We cannot say whether all this clatter that surrounds us is good or ill, unless we can guess whether it is beginning, middle, or end. We may be charged with devils, rushing down a steep place like the Gadarene swine. Or we may be in the dawn of a long day in which, taking command of all this stuff, we shall utilize it for the enrichment of life. Sir James Jeans, in his apocalyptic "The Universe Around Us," indicates that as yet we have not decently started to live. He estimates the whole time of man's existence since the birth of this infinitesimal planet as like the thickness of a penny on top of a large Egyptian obelisk, and the part of that since he got "civilized" as of the depth of a postage-stamp.

* * *

So it is of preliminary stirrings that Mr. Bent discourses. It is pretty evident that we are part of a process, heading somewhere, and that we may well compose our minds in something like a geologist's kind of patience with it, and with ourselves. St. John seems to have sensed that. "It doth not yet appear," he wrote, "what we shall be."

Again Sir James Jeans—

> Our descendants in far-off ages, looking down this long vista of time from the other end, will see our present age as the misty morning of the world's history. . . . By what light we have, we seem to discern that the main message is one of hope to the race and responsibility to the individual—of responsibility because we are drawing plans and laying foundations for a longer future than we can well imagine.

Seen from such a point of view, a bit of panorama such as Silas Bent has drawn is thrilling beyond words. If indeed we are only in a misty dawn—or maybe even that darkness which precedes the dawn—hardly awake with our faces not yet washed; feeling our way in only crude beginnings of the day's mastery of environment; what may we not be and do by noon? How may the tomb-ravishers of a thousand years hence laugh at surviving fragments of ourselves, our Today, and what we are pleased to call our "modern civilization!" The seer of old was he who amid the clamor of his own Today could get somehow a glimpse of what he called "hereafter." We marvel at his vision as we come upon the vestiges of him and his contemporaries, who crucified him because his ken outreached their maddest dreams, because he cast doubt upon the value of their "civilization," and warned them to mend their ways against some wrath to come—"in the end."

* * *

One needs these reflections, this historic background—or, rather, this "historic future"—amid the excitements and lamentations about new-fangled things, the alleged "decay of morals and religion"; the obsolescence, collapse, or destruction of accustomed institutions. The poised soul, intuitively confident of some inherent sanity and consistency—at least as much as he himself possesses—at the heart of things, will stand sure and calm as he observes the growing-pains, the symptoms of evolution headed somewhither, which never has paused, nor will pause for a second, since and until . . . Who was it who first defined God Almighty as "the Infinite *Becoming*?"

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Champions of the Poor

MAHATMA GANDHI'S IDEAS. Edited by C. F. ANDREWS. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by KENNETH SAUNDERS

LEGEND has it that St. Thomas the Apostle came to Northern India and was entrusted by the King of Taxila with a sum of money to build him a palace. When the King asked an account of his stewardship, the Apostle replied, "I have builded for thee a palace in Heaven, giving the money to the poor." Here is embodied the impression which Christian sainthood has made upon India, and which is today incarnate in the heroic figures of Mahatma Ghandhi and his friend C. F. Andrews—champions of the poor, rebels against the extravagance of Indian Princes and British officials.

No one else could so well have edited Mahatma Gandhi's writings as Andrews, whom he describes as "deluging" him with letters of protest when they disagree, and who is always at his side in moments of greatest stress. Their work as champions of the poor has brought them again and again into the closest contact, and it is as the friend of the poor that Andrews most admires Gandhi. While his leader was undergoing the long fast of twenty-one days in the attempt to prevent Hindu and Moslem riots, Mr. Andrews edited his paper, *Young India*, and some of his writings at that time have become classical. His account, for instance, of the Englishmen going to their golf as India's saint lay at the point of death, and of the solemn bedside service of worship which closed the fast, when Hindu, Moslem, and Christian joined together, each contributing from his own religion: these were very widely reprinted. Here is another, in which the splendors of imperial Delhi are contrasted with the "City of God" which Gandhi is building.

> For there is a spiritual city which he has been building up out of an imperishable fabric. Its foundations are deeply and truly laid in the Kingdom of God. No oppression of the poor has gone to create it. Love and devotion and service to the needy are its decorations. No military pomp reigns within its borders, but only the peaceful harmony of human souls. Race and color distinctions have no place in it. Not a clash of religious controversy mars its harmony. Its empire is in the heart.

Gandhi's chief charge against the British in India is oppression of the poor. This is the deliberate statement which he made at his trial, so vividly described in his book; and it is this which perhaps puzzles Englishmen most, for they have done much in irrigation, and coöperative societies, and famine relief, and in many other ways have looked upon themselves as the friends of the poor. But the villagers get no richer, nor the machinery of Government less costly, and India has awaited a Gandhi to redeem its village life by such movements as that of the spinning-wheel. This is not only a symbol and a sacrament, but a very practical way of adding about one-fourth to the meager income of the villagers; and wherever they gather together may be seen the familiar figure of Andrews, with one hand held up explaining to Mr. Gandhi's fellow-countrymen the five points of his program: the removal of "untouchability" by lifting sixty millions of their fellow Indians out of degradation, prohibition of drugs and alcohol, equality between men and women, unity between Hindu and Mohammedan, and fifthly, spinning for all.

These are bound together by the unifying principle of *Ahimsā*, Non-Violence or Love, which is the foundation of Mr. Gandhi's philosophy. In it what may be called his unconscious eclecticism is evident, for he has poured into old Indian bottles the new wine of the Sermon on the Mount, as interpreted by Tolstoy, and it is a pity that his editor omits one of the greatest passages in his writings, in which he speaks of the Soul-Force of a Gordon, and explains that *Ahimsā* is positive spiritual power, opposing and conquering irreligious power. But there is plenty of material in Mr. Andrews's selections to show that it is the heroism of love which animates this "great soul." It is this which he teaches to missionaries, Indian civilians, and political leaders alike, and it is this which explains as nothing else can, his extraordinary hold upon the affections of India.

Of more conscious eclecticism there is also much evidence. "The Sermon on the Mount," he says, "competes on equal terms for my affections with the Gita," and Christian hymns, especially "Lead Kindly Light" and "When I survey the wondrous Cross," are sung by his followers side by side with splendid Hindu hymns of Tukaram and Kabir, and with the sonorous Arabic of the Koran.

It is noteworthy that the passages which he chooses from whatever source all deal with the compassion of God, and with sacrifices; and Mr. Andrews calls attention to the striking fact that it is through Mr. Gandhi that the meaning of Christ has come home to India: India which in fact had thought of Christ as an Oriental mystic, weeping, meditating, fasting, is now arrested by the heroism and action of his life. "The way of the Lord is for heroes," says one of Mr. Gandhi's favorite Indian poets.

As commentary upon the two volumes of the Autobiography, "My Experiments with Truth," recently published, splendidly printed at his own press and bound in Khaddar, "Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas" is timely. It is divided into two main parts, "The Religious Environment" and "The Historical Setting." There are many picturesque touches which we owe to Mr. Andrews's long residence in India. No one else, for example, could so well explain the difference between Tagore and Gandhi and their points of agreement, as this devoted disciple of both. One could wish, however, that he were as sensitive to greatness in the English as in his two Indian *Gurus*. There is an inadequate recognition, for instance, of the heroic surgeon Colonel Maddock, whose decesion to operate for appendicitis upon this sworn foe of all Western medicine and surgery is one

MR. SHAW AND MR. BRIDGES.
A cartoon by Max Beerbohm, reproduced from the *Manchester Guardian*.

of the most dramatic things in recent history. If the operation failed, Britain would be arraigned: yet the decision was taken, and the operation carried to a brilliant issue, in spite of failure of the electric light at the critical moment. Of Lord Hardinge and his championship of the cause of Indian immigrants nothing is said; nor of Lord Reading's patience and of his agreement to get rid of opium and to protect Indian cotton goods with a tariff, when England had two million unemployed. Many officials, too, are intimate friends of Indians, and of India.

Such touches are needed to relieve the dark picture which Mr. Andrews draws of the British "exploiting Indian resources for their own benefit," "trafficking in intoxicating drugs and liquors," living "in extravagant splendor," "lying to the Mohammedans," and so on. If Miss Mayo erred in glorifying the English official by painting him upon the blackest possible background of Indian degradation, this book errs in the opposite sense: it paints the heroic figure of India's Mahatma against a too black background of British officialdom. Nevertheless it makes it very clear that Gandhi kept his faith in the English up to 1920, coöperated loyally, and still keeps a friendly mind to them in any capacity but that of rulers. His recent emergence as leader of the Independence Movement is best understood as the climax of the long development in which he has gradually realized that India has a great contribution to make to humanity, and can only make it in her own way, as she rises to great heights of sacrifice and refuses to be made over in any western form. Dr. Tagore has voiced this plea in immortal verse, and both feel the poignancy of India's poverty only less keenly than that of her spiritual humiliation.

There is little question that Mahatma Gandhi is the most arresting figure of our times; and this book ought to be read by everyone who is interested in the greatest problem of our day, that of race; and in the application of moral idealism to human affairs. Gandhi has recently challenged the Christian Church to apply its teachings, and C. F. Andrews, who is known in India as "Christ's Faithful Apostle," characteristically dedicates his book to Principal Moton and his staff at Tuskegee. As a free bridge-builder he has done more than any other Englishman of our day.

Patterns and Theory

PROJECTS IN DESIGN. By STANISLAW SZUKALSKI. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1929. $20.

Reviewed by CLEON THROCKMORTON

SZUKALSKI is more powerful in the rôle of writer than as an artist. Reading through the preface to the work reproduced in this volume, it is impossible not to be impressed with the sincerity and fiery courage of the man. He avoids Paris as a plague spot for creative minds, and presents his cause ably and with vicious conviction. With a flaming sword, he attacks the forty thousand students of the French center, who undoubtedly come far too much under the sway and influence of the great French moderns, and unquestionably waste valuable time that they might spend in working out their own particular solution.

His is the old, old argument that wages between men when they are young; many an hour has been spent over mugs of beer and glasses of wine discussing whether it is better for the artist to see everything, and then go and do as he feels it himself, or whether it is wiser for him religiously to avoid the work of other creators and seclude himself and work and think, labor and meditate upon the results thereof, until perfection and satisfaction arrive. Candles have burned to their bases in the little cafés in France, sleepy German ale-house keepers have yawned and looked hopefully at fierce young groups to see if their gestures and arguments are becoming weaker, in drowsy prayer that they may close their shutters for the night. And even in New York, in the back rooms of the few old saloons that have remained untouched through these dark ages, gatherings of young painters go on with this story in more restrained tones, but even more intense for that very reason, while old Irishmen sit on chairs against the wall and munch their ale—only occasionally allowing their minds to wander in the direction of the table where so much energy is pent up. Like big, sleepy cats, they are much too old, and far too wise, to believe that anything can possibly be so important.

But to us who are young and always mean to remain so, it is our very life blood, and, like Szukalski, we'll never give up the hope that to us is given the individual spark, primarily dissociated from outside influences, that is our own and has belonged to no other down through the ages.

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And so we turn the pages of Szukalski's preface and come face to face with disappointment. We go on carefully through the book, searching for the Szukalski of the preface. Cubes, lines, blocks, patterns all come back to us. The pyramids of the Mayans, the plumed serpent of the Aztecs, early impressions of peasant decoration of the Slavic countries pop up in our minds like Punch and Judy figures, and waggle their fingers, and grimace at us. Where is the man who will have none of the French, decries Da Vinci, and so well states the premise that the young artists of the world uphold?

He does not tell us in his drawings the fundamentals we want to believe. He does not know that one line, when drawn with feeling, can be greater than a thousand, the shape of a mass finer than the parts it is broken into. In the forms he presents, devoid of their decoration, we find no new contribution. In the patterns that cover them, we find no refreshing thought. We find only an assembling of patterns of one primitive people with the forms belonging to another, and even sometimes, the same civilization—nothing that is not traceable, and usually obviously so.

We are not of that strange school who feel that angels descend and guide our brushes over the canvas. Nor do we feel that our creations are the products of the generations that came before us and we but the final coral of the reef whose skeleton is the first to project above the tide. But we do hope, in all of us, that we can create something, if only a line or a shape, or a relation of a few colors, that is our own, that no one else can feel as we do or even reproduce.

It is in this that Szukalski disappoints. With one who writes as straightforwardly and with as much inspiration as he does, the contrast between his drawings and projects is severe and seems unforgivable. Art is not a thing of tricks, nor of pattern, but a quest for the ultimate solution.

In conclusion, it may be said that though the accompanying text of this book was certainly in the true spirit of the honest reacher out into the spaces,

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the drawings and projects presented were done from the standpoint of the painter who assembles the forms of the past into compositions that please him, but never possess greatness. Szukalski feels when he writes; but amuses himself when he paints.

Plato as Artist

THE SON OF APOLLO. By FREDERICK J. E. WOODBRIDGE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1929. $4.

Reviewed by RAYMOND WEAVER

THE life of Plato cannot be written as the biography of a man. Dean Woodbridge makes apparent that this is the one solid conclusion to be drawn from our sources of information. Plato is well-nigh an anonymous author, rather, whose books stimulate, fire the imagination and the curiosity. When Plato's biography is sifted to its meagre residuum of facts we are left in a bleak ignorance that may satisfy the demands of history that we be accurate, but that violates the demands of admiration that we be just. The accidents of time have left us no data for writing the life of a man; but the legends that this life provoked offer us the material to rear a tribute to a genius. The only true life of Plato now possible must be a life written in terms appropriate to Plato's continued living through the centuries.

It is in such terms, and with a Socratic blending of irony and reverence, that in his first chapter Dean Woodbridge has celebrated the biography of Plato. It is typical of Dean Woodbridge's method that though the calendar dates of Plato's birth and death are credible and precise, the tradition that he was born on Apollo's birthday and died at a wedding feast render him abler justice.

> Now dying full of years at a wedding feast is something different from dying in 347 B.C. . . . A god's son, born on the day set apart to celebrate that god, rounding out fourscore years to the full and then dying as two mortals wed to perpetuate the miracle of undying life—here is the outline of a biography that may smile at the laborious niceties of historical research.

Dean Woodbridge smiles at the niceties of historical research only because of their essential falsity in portraying Plato; because a biography of Plato written within the framework he projects distorts Plato less than any mere veracity.

His book is beautiful, deliberate, and learned: a flowering of sedulous scholarship and mellow wisdom. Like the Eros of the wonderful woman of Mantinea, it is the child of Penury and Plenty—but of Plenty "drunken with the drink of the Gods." The Penury is in the meagerness of historical documentation and in Dean Woodbridge's claim for his own achievement. The Plenty is for those whose faith is stalwart in doubt,—for those who find resurrection rather than crucifixion in the Socratic irony of this book—a book blended of winged enthusiasm and of a disillusionment that is absolute.

> I am very conscious [so Dean Woodbridge disarmingly confesses] that my rendering of Plato is an interpretation. It represents, however, the Plato who, after repeated reading and after a studious attempt to deal with the documents in the case, has caught my imagination—the son of Apollo and not the founder of the Academy—the artist and not the metaphysician.

This is a pronouncement to weaken faith in those whose faith is pallid and to heighten the fever of all self-chosen custodians of the unique certainties they share alone with God. The earnestly uninformed may in the innocence of their piety demand of a writer on Plato not an "interpretation," but the very truth of Plato himself. Plato specialists, on the other hand, and doctors in philosophy, sometimes behave as if they enjoyed a private monopoly of insight into the intimacies of Providence. To this latter company, an "interpretation" is but a guess by a child of darkness who has been perversely deaf to the trumpetings of a Gabriel blowing to expound. Dean Woodbridge smiles urbanely at all such Gabriels. "My preference for my own bias," he says, "is like that of another for his. This I venture to claim, for in the matter of Platonic scholarship there can be much dispute, but there is little of that objective certainty that forces one to bow."

How little, indeed, there is of objective certainty about Plato is established in the first two chapters of this book. In "The Life of Plato" and in "The Writings of Plato," Dean Woodbridge asks us to remember that tradition affords us only a romantic story of Plato's life, an equivocal story of his writings, but also an "interpretation" of his philosophy. Tradition tells us that Plato was a great teacher and the founder of a school, so we are reminded; but —we are also reminded—Plato's accredited writings bear little of the stamp of his alleged profession or the reputed tenets of his school. As A. E. Taylor has said: "We have to discover Plato's ultimate metaphysical positions indirectly from references to them elsewhere." And Dean Woodbridge says:

> there appears considerable evidence that the writers of commentaries and epitomes transformed Aristotelian references to Plato, which were illustrative, into a definition of the Platonic enterprise, thus linking Plato and Aristotle together as men with the same basic purpose, but rivals in the execution of it. The Platonic writings, however, do not, as a whole, reflect the same audience, the same intellectual temper and curiosity, or the same ancestry as do the writings of Aristotle. The contrast between the two men is like the contrast between the man of letters and the man of science. This, to me, is so evident that I have taken the man of letters to be something quite different from a man of letters in disguise.

And herein, with characteristic irony, Dean Woodbridge understates his position.

The Plato here exhibited to us is the Plato who "after repeated reading and after a studious attempt to deal with the documents in the case, has caught my imagination." And this Plato is "the artist and not the metaphysician."

This last is a fundamental and drastic distinction that cleaves between Dean Woodbridge's book and the great body of writings about Plato. It is a difference exemplified in the difference between an apprehension of Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood or Copernicus's discovery of the revolution of the sun, and an appreciation of "Hamlet" or "Œdipus Rex." The discoveries of Harvey and Copernicus can be communicated in the most abbreviated forms; but for Shakespeare or Sophocles, the good of them can be experienced in no way but one—the way of the quick and the imaginative, the way of vital and passionate study, following and feeling the artist's meaning all through. Plato has fallen carrion to the technical philosophers who have behaved as if the value of a great poem could be learned by studying an abstract of it in an encyclopædia. These embalmers of Plato have not seen with Gilbert Murray that "the things that we call eternal, the things of the spirit and the imagination, always seem to lie more in a process than in a result, and can only be reached and enjoyed by somehow going through the process again." If the value of a particular walk lies in the scenery, how do you get that value by taking a short cut or puzzling over a road-map? And hence, in this book, the technical philosopher who abbreviates vitality into a "system" will find no refrigeration for his "pure" intelligence. At best, by being horrified by a "literary" treatment of Plato into impotent resentment he may be stirred into the first intimations of life. Only through the eyes of the imagination can we view the Son of Apollo and then, as of another Son of God, "we shall see him as He is." For, as Dean Woodbridge urges, Plato survives to us not as a mortal nor as a "system," but as a body of literature.

Dean Woodbridge is Plato's best biographer because he portrays Plato by the truth that poetry alone can offer. Of Plato's mortal career we know next to nothing. His attributed writings survive, however, to be read and pondered. And if not from reports of his contemporaries, at least from his own works, it might be urged, we have unambiguous evidence of what sort of man Plato really was. But this is a treacherous hope. Though it is true that Plato is the one voluminous writer of classical antiquity whose works seem to have come down to us whole and entire; though nowhere in later antiquity do we come upon any reference to a Platonic work which we do not still possess: yet, in spite of the alleged completeness of the Platonic canon, there is scarcely a quarter of it whose genuineness has not at some time been doubted for reasons that vary from the superficial to the profound. But the reasons, to Dean Woodbridge, are less important than the fact.

> If we are assured that an author's work has been completely preserved and if, at the same time, we know that recurrently for centuries there has been uncertainty, sometimes quite acute uncertainty, as to which of his collected works he wrote, we are certainly not in a situation to be confident of an orthodox opinion.

Dean Woodbridge points out what must be patent to any unprejudiced reader, that unity of authorship is not revealed throughout the Plato canon; nor do the writings display much unity of any other kind. In the Platonic writings is not clearly expressed or definitely outlined something we can recognize as a system of philosophy. The picture that the reader of the dialogues draws is not that of Plato walking or standing in the Academy lecturing profoundly to students as a modern professor of philosophy might. In the dialogues we are not taken to a university, but to the steps of a courthouse, to the court itself, to a plane tree by a limpid stream, to a walk on the highway, to the popular resorts of men and boys, to the homes of the rich, to a dinner party, to a prison, to the chamber of death. Here is no savor of the classroom, no odor of the pedagogue. A dramatization of the life or reason, rather—the soul operating with the heavenly visions which it sometimes sees and with the earthly limitations which it always knows.

As we read Plato, so Dean Woodbridge would remind us, there recur again and again the themes with which man ever busies himself—themes like education and politics and love and death. And it is the recurrence of such perennially human themes, and a dramatic, rather than a systematic, treatment of them that constitutes for Dean Woodbridge the essential and impressive quality of Plato. In chapters on "The Perfect City," "Education," "Love," and "Death," this book has, with mounting eloquence, revealed Plato to be the dramatic artist that established him legitimately as Apollo's son.

"The son of Apollo and not the founder of the Academy, the artist and not the metaphysician." But here, as is patently revealed, is no art for art's sake, but a profound and radical moral purpose. For Plato is a dramatic artist who presents us with a vision of the world rather than an explanation of it; seeing is exalted above explaining and doing; for to have vision perfectly would be to be wholly wise and like the gods. In the pages of Plato, and through the character of Socrates, life is to be impertinently questioned until the suspicion, at least, breaks upon the beholder that it is not men who think, but kinds of men, politicians, educators, lovers, and the dying. Dean Woodbridge shows that that egotism which elevates personal opinion to the worth and dignity of unbiased and impersonal truth, is, in the pages of Plato, exposed in dramatic illustration of it and not in learned treatises that conceal it.

> In the dialogues, the confession of ignorance dramatically wrung from the search for truth reveals what knowledge would be. Inconclusiveness and not conclusiveness is the constant outcome of the discussion. Socrates upsets the confident opinion of others without putting another opinion—least of all his own—in its place. And the result is to reveal men to themselves, and to make self-knowledge more important than any other kind of knowledge.

No juster or higher praise of this book could be given than to say that its manner is appropriate to its thesis and its theme. Plato—the son of Apollo. Plato, the dramatic artist, who rates vision as the most godlike of attributes; who places the perfect city, like the gods of Lucretius, as a radiant vision in the sky as something not to look for, but to look at, and with the dawning realization of the earth's inappropriateness to perfection; who saw love as a homesickness and an intimation of our immortality, and death as a great release. Dean Woodbridge sees in the eyes of Apollo's son the reflected splendor of a glory not native here.

A man once died at sunset, in obedience to the law of the city he loved, by drinking from a cup held in his own hands, in the company of his dearest friends. And in his consciousness that he had no wisdom at all he was the wisest of men. Yet all his life he had lived as if he had entered this world carrying the burden of an obligation contracted in another world; and he died not knowing if he was to return to that other world to live once again beneath the sway of those unknown laws which he had obeyed because he bore their precepts in his heart, knowing not whose hand had traced them there. In Dean Woodbridge's book is reenacted the irony, the urbanity, the affirmation, and the doubt of the man who died at sunset.

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Plenty Coups Speaks

AMERICAN, The Life Story of a Great Indian. As he told it to FRANK B. LINDERMAN. New York: The John Day Company. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by STANLY VESTAL

THE first test to apply to the author of a book on the American Indian, is to ask him whether or not he understands the Red man. Invariably, the expert will tell you, humbly, that he makes no such pretence: it is only the dabbler, the cocksure tourist, who can glibly explain everything. And so, when one finds Mr. Linderman, in his preface, modestly disclaiming complete understanding of his life-long friends, the Crow Indians, one may settle down to a thorough reading of his book, assured that here is a writer who knows too much to be unaware of the white man's inevitable limitations. And the book justifies this: nothing on the Crow Indians comparable to it has ever appeared.

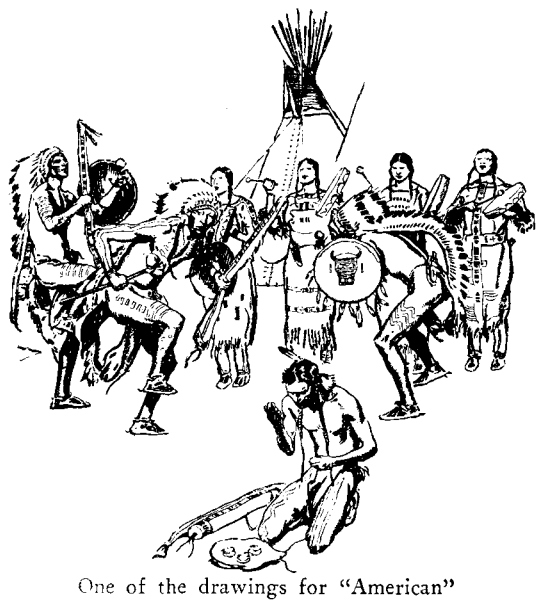
So far as one who has made the Plains Indians his hobby for thirty years can judge, this book is authentic. The writer is sympathetic without being sentimental in his record of the high spots of the early life of the old chief, Plenty Coups, and presents a colorful and convincing picture of the ways of warriors in the buffalo days. The chief is represented as telling the story himself, and although he is rather vague as regards chronology, this too is in character. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the testimony given by such reputable old Indians in a conference of their peers is as reliable as any historical data whatever. These old-timers are scrupulously honest, careful—particularly in all matters pertaining to warfare—, and will not repeat hearsay under any circumstances. There can be no reasonable doubt that Plenty Coups spoke truth.

The book is, therefore, historically important. Not merely because it explains the strange event which led the Crows to ally themselves with the white man early in their history, not merely for its faithful spirit and color, but for its detailed accounts of Indian battles. For it is a curious anomaly that in America, a nation notoriously indifferent to foreign affairs, our historians have devoted themselves almost wholly to wars with foreign peoples, ignoring for the most part the real business of our people —the conquest of this continent, of the Red man. This conquest, lasting for centuries, cost more in blood and money than all our other wars combined (if we set the Civil War aside), and was vastly more vital to the nation than our squabbles with European powers. Yet hardly anything has been done in a really scholarly way upon these Indian conflicts. Mr. Linderman does something to redeem this omission; he presents much interesting material upon the Custer campaign of 1876, and more on intertribal wars. In these stories of warfare, he strikes the right stride, presenting his battles in their casual, personal aspect, as they appeared to the village-dwelling Crow. The close inter-relation of these fights with the ceremonies and visions of the Wise Ones is well shown, and gives the book more than the usual value for anthropologists. Plenty Coups was full of interesting matter.

Yet it must not be supposed that this book is altogether the creation of the chief. Mr. Linderman has done his work well, and cleverly takes the reader with him to visit the chief, to sit in council, under the trees or in the cabin, making the old man's daily life familiar and comprehensible. This is one of the most delightful things about the book, and is surpassed only by the accurate and vivid descriptive sketches—of men, of animals, of landscape—scattered through the volume, descriptive sketches which only a white man could have drawn so deftly. There is vastly more here than could be gathered in a dozen conferences with an old chief: we suspect the loving observation of years of contact with Red men, horses, wild animals, Montana weather, and the magnificent landscapes of the Crow country. And no one who has not spent months and years earning the confidence of old-time Indians can have any idea of the amount of labor, patience, watchful tact, and insight, which must lie behind Mr. Linderman's casual narrative. Such stories are not to be picked off bushes in the Indian country.

The book stops short with the extermination of the buffalo, and this omission leaves out what would be historically the more interesting material, since no old chief has ever been heard on the long struggle to adapt his people to our civilization. One suspects, too, that the old man has been a shade too selective, and has perhaps expurgated a few of the more ghastly details of warfare; this is a vice of the cautious Indian informant. But of course this is no fault of the writer: there is no arguing with an Indian who intends to be silent.

The modest manner of presentation, through the lips of the chief, with all the interruptions, comments, and explanations, slows the narrative in passages where swift action demands more verve and speed than the method permits. The result is a reminiscent glow, rather than the flash of instant action. We have here frescoes rather than motion pictures. And though this suits admirably with the accounts of ceremonies, visions, and domestic life, it hardly suffices for the battle pictures of which the book is chiefly composed. One could wish also that the writer had taken pains to establish the chronology of his major events, and that he had supplied an index for a book of such historical value. The publisher has turned out a handsome volume, and is especially to be congratulated upon the work—at once accurate and pleasing—of the illustrator.



One of the drawings for "American" by Herbert M. Stoops.

Young Love in an Old Setting

THE ROAD OF THE GODS. By ISABEL PATERSON. New York: Horace Liveright. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

THE Road ran from the hills of Thuringia to the sea, where the Weser debouches. No secular travelers passed over it, only pilgrims, priests, or messengers on the business of the Gods. The Gods were unnamed primitive ones of old Germania in the time just preceding the assumption of imperial power by Augustus in Rome. For them a holy people, the Cowyth-An, guarded an altar, building up their community life on the basis of priestly rule.

This is the mis-en-scène of Isabel Paterson's latest historical romance. It is a lively story, bright with young love. The author gives a *caveat* against criticizing Greda and Hoath as being too much like Isabella and Roderigo or Jack and Kate in her previous romances. Lovers "then or anywhere," she implies, are alike. To her certainly periods of history are merely the back drops for their drama.

In the present novel Hoath is the son and namesake of the High Priest, and heir to the same office. Greda is the granddaughter of an alien woman, whom the older Hoath in his hot youth, in spite of his love for his wife—the priesthood was not celibate —had brought back from one of the annual journeys to the Great Traffic at the mouth of the Weser. This woman, born of a Syrian courtesan, had married a Greek. His blood in Greda gave her the gaiety, the curiosity, and skepticism which lay so brightly and lightly against young Hoath's Germanic seriousness.

Hoath *père* had soon tired of the imported Alethea and returned to the domestic loyalties. This is the source of all the troubles in the story. Alethea, a woman scorned, slowly plots the ruin of the Cowyth-An, securing at last the aid of a fellow Greek, who has the ear of a commander of the remnant of a Roman legion, a derelict of the civil wars, trying to find a way home through Germania. But, of course, the lovers escape—which is all that the reader is concerned about.

Yet we may glance at the pattern of the back drop. At the Great Traffic a strange medley of men meet. Syrians and Jews, bringing spices and perfumes, daggers and rugs; Greek islanders bringing crimson cloth and mirrors of polished metal, fruits, and little figurines of bronze; Muscovites bringing fox-fur and ermine; Baltic amber sellers, big blond men from the North and slant-eyed yellow men from the world's end with secret drugs in their hands. Remote from them all, a little community apart, in the inland forests, live the Cowyth-An, a people clean and just and kind.

This is the impression of the early peoples of Germany which has come down to us from Tacitus, who had opportunities to talk with many Teutonic prisoners in Rome, as well as with Roman army officers. Into this early history modern scholars have delved, without losing regard for the ancient annalist. But Isabel Paterson unlike Gertrude Atherton in her Greek historical novels, indicates no "sources." This seems as much due to unconcern as to the ingenuity of art in concealing learning. She is content to let her pleasant brook dash on regardless of where it rose.

In the vocabulary of painting the Germanic background would probably be classed as abstractionist. Put a man and a maid in the foreground, bronze-armored Rome in the middle distance, and you have the picture.

Fighting "Partisans"

THE NINETEEN. By A. FADEYEV. Translated from the Russian by R. D. CHARQUES. New York: International Publishers. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THIS is the story of a troop of Communist "partisans"—guerilla volunteers—fighting in eastern Siberia during the revolutionary civil-war period, against the Japanese and Kolchak. There is only one woman among the named characters; a sort of camp-follower nurse, a big-hearted, animal-like female, who mothers her men, as they seem to need mothering, and is possessed from time to time by various of them. All the rest are fighting-men—a handful of peasants and mine-workers, with their sabres and rifles and horses, slogging more or less blindly about in the wilderness of the Siberian *taiga*, now toward, now away from a vague but stronger enemy, almost as a herd of buffalo or wild cattle might turn, now this way, now that, as hunger or thirst or danger might pull or drive them.

But it isn't quite so blind and animal-like as that. They have a leader, a Jew named Levinson, in whom is personified all those qualities that make a man leader of other men; through whom, although it is never expressed in intellectual, political terms, we are expected to feel the passionate faith of the proletarian zealot, giving everything to the cause. He is one of those made by the revolution which he himself is making; a man who otherwise might have been quite small and ordinary, transfigured in the revolutionary fire.

♣ ♣ ♣

And the drive and bigness which the little story has, comes partly from the fact that there is no controversy this way or that, no localization of person or place. But for a passing reference to "Maximalists" —a very "Left" but not quite orthodox wing, to which the young trooper through whose eyes most of the scenes are seen, had formerly belonged—there is no mention of any of the parties, personalities, and controversial questions which usually obtrude even into revolutionary novels written by Russians inside Russia. Everything of that sort is taken for granted. We start simply with the troop as it stands, as with so many men on a storm-tossed ship; a little splotch of humanity, flickering back and forth across mountains, rivers, through deep, still valleys; fighting, dying, dodging this way and that, drinking and loving when the chance offers, all the time held together and driven forward by that never discussed but indomitable force, until only the nineteen are left, and these, bloody, beaten, go riding ahead—"for it was necessary to live and a man had to do his duty."

It might appear from this that Fedeyev's narrative is merely a sort of epic of the animal will-to-live; something in the Jack London vein, for instance. But curiously, or possibly subtly, enough, it is much more than that. Its outstanding quality, in spite of the raw flesh of which it seems superficially to be made, and its absence of sentimentality, and even, for the most part, of conventional sentiment, is its compassion and rough tenderness; the human warmth of this gang of roughnecks; the dewy beauty of the natural world through which they go blundering and killing and being killed. For Fedeyev is a

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poet, in spite of himself, so to say; however cautious a Communist writer must be not to express his poetry in the "wrong" way.

I have said that there is no discussion or argument. In general, this is the case, but once, when Levinson, racking his brains as to how "these millions of people who have lived for centuries under an indolent sun, in dirt and poverty, ploughing with primitive tools, believing in a vindictive and foolish God," how, out of these can be made "a new, fine, vigorous man," indulges in a moment of recollection and introspection, which, in a word, embodies the whole Communist ideology:

> The only thing that came back to his mind was an old photograph of a sickly little Jewish boy with big, ingenuous eyes, wearing a black jacket, who looked with surprising, unchildish intentness at the spot where he had been told a pretty bird would fly out. But the bird didn't fly out . . . and he remembered that he had almost cried with disappointment. How many further such disappointments he had suffered before he had finally been convinced that "things aren't like that!" And when he was really convinced he understood what dangers and evils befall men because of these lying tales about pretty little birds—pretty little birds which will fly out from somewhere or other—and he realized how many of them spend their lives in fruitless expectation. . . . No, he had no further need of these birds! He had relentlessly suppressed all sweet and vain regrets for them; he had crushed in himself everything that he had inherited from past generations brought up on those lying tales of pretty little birds! . . . "To see everything as it is, in order to change everything that is, to control everything there is"—Levinson had achieved this wisdom, the simplest and the most difficult a man can achieve.

This one passage is the nearest to "propaganda" that the little story ever gets. For the rest, it is a straight narrative of the day to day lives of the fighting "partisans"—told with extreme brevity and simplicity, with beauty and tenderness.

The Ways of Beauty

BROTHER ANSELMO. By DOROTHY GLASER. New York: Brewer & Warren. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOLA RIDGE

ONE should listen to music or read a good book in a spiritual solitude of two. One should not, that is, have to entertain the author as a kind of showman of his creation. But in much current literature, and this is true of both poetry and prose, it is impossible to evade him. It is of no use to flee from page to page—he is there before you, demonstrating, by the obvious artifice of his design, his indecent hunger for your approbation. He has lost knowledge of the art that conceals the art. His self-belief is a collapsible bladder which he importunes you to fill with your breath. This is why "Brother Anselmo," by Dorothy Glaser, instantly surprises and arrests attention. In spite of its theme and characters of an almost forgotten day, it cannot be said that this book derives from literature instead of from life. It is an open window looking out on time; and Mrs. Glaser's old librarian is a point in which infinite quivering nerves of life converge. He makes about the reader a circle of quietness that shuts out our roaring day. Artificial barriers between life and art, between substance and the dreams which fill it, fall away. You feel the time-rhythm as an even breathing in and out, and realize that the present moment is of no more real importance than any one of the numberless exhalations that have misted time. And there is no author . . . there is only a Dominican friar, in whose quietly weaving mind threads of history and legend mingle goldenly, yet each as a separate wire, across the years, bearing its freight of beauty that has been nourished on terror and heroism and pain.

In the story of Evtreux des Baux and his army of conscripted lepers, who return from their bloodless victory to find the gates of the city they have saved closed against them, a moment is isolated with its stricken company. You feel they shall stand thus forever, facing their commandant, he immovable before all those eyes, nailed there by their anguished question to which he can return no answer. And note the resolution, as Brother Anselmo fingers his heart: "I closed the book. . . . Dark shadows crossed the valley, negations of the white clouds above, and it seemed to me that death bore this same relation to glory." And of such a nature is the shadow that broods over, but never darkens, these pages. A current of thought, like a bloodstream, runs through their meditations, but it is always limpid and flowing, never coagulating into the matter of a superimposed philosophy.

In the stories of those simple, faithful, bigoted men who once sailed up the St. Lawrence river, to bring to those other men who roamed free amidst the savage grandeur of rivers and mountains, the God of monastery gardens, there is no attempt either to sentimentalize or scoff, to palliate or to becloud an issue. Obtuse and overbearing in their pride in an accumulated culture, they sometimes showed less understanding of man-nature than did the Indians themselves; but they had much love. The more sophisticated myth, which they carried with so much toil and suffering, to one of its ancient founts, was surely not sterile while vitalized by such devotion as theirs. Mrs. Glaser encloses their figures in a complete realization. No angle escapes her, or rather angles are coerced into the circle of her perception, in which they remain implicit. Father Amande Dupré, his body ruined with torture, yet creeping forward to implore the natives to abandon the obscene dance in which they are invoking the aid of their own more crude, but not more pitiless god, is an unforgettable figure. In him that strange and torturous love-thread, that man has come by through what monstrous legacy and that seems inwoven in the very texture of his spirit, is glimpsed vividly, as roads on a dark plain are momentarily revealed by lightning flashes.

I cannot help thinking as I read this book of the slow evolution of the god-myth. In the beginning it is without form, an unassembled force in man, as the raw ore of iron is in the earth, until it is heated and poured into the dogmas, to at last die in them . . . again to be reborn in the religion of beauty, in which there can be no ceasing from the quest, even to sit down at the feet of an idol, and in which even the goal must be relinquished.

This small book is a series of studies in that incommensurate hunger that is beyond reason and without experience. The writer is initiate in the ruthless ways of beauty. She has here accomplished so rare a fusion of vision and design that the two cannot be considered apart. The words seem less the skilfully woven habit of thought than the surface of thought itself. As words indeed the content seems to have found its final form, and the only way to retell these stories would be to express them in music.

The Jester in the Shrine

MISS BARRETT'S ELOPEMENT. By C. LENANTON (Carola Oman). New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by O. W. FIRKINS

MRS. LENANTON has written a chronicle rather than a novel. It is a chronicle, not of Mrs. Browning's life, but of Miss Barrett's spinsterhood: and it is less than a chronicle in its bold selection of four major episodes (the last and longest of which is the Browning courtship), which are fully, but severally, treated without fusion or transition. Where comparisons are possible, Mrs. Lenanton seems to have adhered to her documents with stout, if somewhat uninspired, fidelity. For example, the conversations between Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett are pieced together out of patches from the correspondence—an arrangement which—since voice and pen have separate vocabularies—secures authenticity at the expense of naturalness. A conversation so fashioned has an effect of macaronic verse; it misses equally the two fluidities of speech and writing.

Mrs. Lenanton has a facile pen and an active eye; she understands the equipage—in the largest sense—of the period. She is specific on pelisses and coiffures; she has the beginnings of what might grow into an eye for landscape. She has a gay, bluff, romping, buxom, bumptious air; and the reader is always made to feel that the expected joke, if not actually in the room, is already on the front-door step with its hand upon the knocker. Here are some typical illustrations, which, like almost all illustrations, somewhat overcharge the type. "Flush seized the opportunity to bite Robert farewell." "Ba offered a trembling paw." "A less optimistic man . . . might have thought. . . . I shall never get her up to the scratch! This is ghastly!" "Overhead the thunder clattered as if giant tea-trays were being hurled down mammoth stairs."

With aptitudes of this nature Mrs. Lenanton is successful with Henrietta and Arabel Barrett; they are on her level and within her range. She is at home with Miss Mitford and Mrs. Jameson; she can pat Mr. Kenyon on the head (Mr. Kenyon to whom, in their odd, childish way the Brownings rather looked up); she is on the easiest terms, with Wilson, Jemima, and Flush (noticeably with Flush). Mrs. Lenanton likes ever so many people; she even tolerates Elizabeth Barrett, that poor quivering, simpering, fluttering little thing, whom Fame, in a world full of bustling and jovial persons, singled out for some unguessable reason to make a pet of. Mrs. Lenanton's interest in Miss Barrett is the interest of a cabman in his "fare." After all, one must be respectful to one's income. Mrs. Lenanton, on the coach-box, dutifully stifles a yawn as she waits for the "little lady" to emerge from the chemist's shop, fortified for matrimony by sal volatile.

This is a point of view which results in some curious omissions. A whole section is devoted to Torquay, the place where Edward Barrett's untimely death at sea left wounds in Elizabeth Barrett's soul which neither time nor Italy nor Robert Browning could altogether heal. Mrs. Lenanton is characterized in the fact that while her record of the activities and consultations is minute, she remains to all intents and purposes outside of that penitential door which opened to receive and shroud a heartbreak; and she is again characterized in the fact that the reader, in a situation where he might tax another writer with deficiency, is grateful to Mrs. Lenanton for her forbearance. Miss Barrett's verse is almost never quoted; possibly the single exception occurs where a few lines from the "Portuguese" sonnets are quoted by way of foil and adjunct to Arabel Barrett's girlish effervescence. This was in Miss Barrett's room in 50 Wimpole Street, a place more genuinely sacred to many of us than Westminster Abbey. But no hater of solemnity need shrink from entering that precinct in company with this unsaddened volume. Before the altar as beside the tomb, Mrs. Lenanton's gayety is irrepressible.

Old Breughel

DROLL PETER. By FELIX TIMMERMANS (VIGNETTES). Translated by MAIDE C. DARNTON and WILHELMINA J. PAUL. New York: Coward-McCann. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

THIS historical novel skilfully constructed around the pictures and the legend of the great painter Pieter Breughel will probably be more appealing to such as do not know the painter than to such as do know him. It is a much prettified and bowdlerized Old Breughel that we meet in Timmermans's pages. We deal with a detached artist, a gentle and even timorous spirit who is yet heroically devoted to the quest of reality as represented by the esthetics of peasant life. A Rabelais in execution, he is misfitted with the tender soul of an Alphonse Daudet.

Few lovers of Old Breughel's hearty and drastic art will agree with this reading of his character. But since Timmermans is writing not a biography but a novel, the truthfulness of his interpretation may seem more or less irrelevant, the important issue being the coherence of his novel as a literary creation.

In this respect the book is firmly and delicately carried off. It is vivid without sensationalism, rich in incidental, grotesque character drawing, and it treats the inception of many of Droll Peter's famous pictures with genuine imagination. The original Flemish is so well rendered that one has no sense of translation. As a minor correction in archæology, the painter is made to use habitually a medium which was barely in his repertory—namely charcoal.

While the book has not the firm grasp on its period of the historical novels of Edward Lucas White—to name the best of our time—it is done with real artistry and should hold its place creditably in the succession of Bulwer Lytton, Charles Reade, George Ebers, and Company.

Reading and Fighting

(*Continued from page* 913)

lacy is not that war is always evil. That is a truism to which apparently every great military leader has at one time or another subscribed. Only belligerent women on the home front really believe in war as something holy. The pacifist fallacy is that combat is immoral. It is no more immoral than breathing, but when the harm done is irreparable and the good dubious (and this is war), it is highly inexpedient. Reading of bloody noses does not stop such futile combat, but surveying with a historian's eyes the causes and the consequence. The quietness of reason (like the still small voice of the Lord) may prevail where whirlwinds of steel and the terrors of sudden death make the crowds gape and ask for more.

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The Bowling Green

Regus Patoff

CLEANING off a crust of dried ink from this pen I have used so long, it suddenly came to me that its little cloven beak, or hoof, is bright gold. Dipped in jet black ink, the liquid glistens purple, dark as some Burgundy wines or those roses on the south wall of the Physic Garden at Oxford (where the Cherwell bends round below Magdalen Bridge.) It is a fountain pen. I bought it in Paris in 1924, but I use it as I always have to use fountain pens, by dipping. That is the best way to use a pen, it gives you time in mid-sentence to think, but not so much time that you know you are thinking. At the top of the thin split in the nib is a little cavity; I have just noticed (for the first time in all these thousands of pages) it is shaped like a heart. From that small, dark ace of hearts the ink drains down to the point.

There is an inscription on the gold of the pen, apparently a Russian name. I like to think of that mysterious Russian who has gone diving for sunken treasure in my behalf, so many many times. His name seems to be Regus Patoff. He is a queer fellow; I am smiling just to think about him. Sometimes he lies idle for days, scaled over with a scurf of dead ink. He is obstinate and without shame. When he knows there is something he should or must do, he cares naught for it. But set him loose to go ploitering on his own hunch, there's no such fun in the world. I have to walk about a bit and think of his pliskies. (I spoke of him as Russian, but he seems to have had a Scottish wet-nurse.) He has to be watched. He can take as many shapes as Tam Lin in the old ballad that prickles your cushes like that wind out of the north, "a sharp wind and a snell." He can shape himself the snake, the wild deer, the burning iron; but hold him fast, he takes at length his simple being, the mother-naked man. He dives deep, he tells true.

Yes, clean off the crust of dead ink; the pen is pure gold.

* * *

Regus Patoff, like so many Russians I suppose, has a touch of dangerous instability in his temperament. I have found him bitterly mocking some fat editorial in a great newspaper, yet on his knees before a plume of swansdown from Hodgson or de la Mare. He is so thrilled by the gallant snouty highstepping look of a locomotive that he would easily forget to board the train. Up through bottomless ink he dredges for me such beaded bubbles as

> I saw with open eyes
> Singing birds sweet
> Sold in the shops
> For the people to eat,
> Sold in the shops of
> Stupidity Street,

and again—equally irrelevant—

> Who said, "All Time's delight
> Hath she for narrow bed,
> Life's troubled bubble broken?"
> That's what I said.

Why should he spout me these jets of black rainbow? I who live on Stupidity Street, what am I to do about them? Even the dogs know more than I. Living alone with some dogs for several days (and bedevilled by Regus Patoff) I was walking about and saying aloud Ralph Hodgson's rhyme about singing birds sweet, sold in the shops of Stupidity Street. You know how deep and satisfying a voice can be in an empty house. And poor Frisky, a young dog of many follies but still aware as dogs are, was horrified. He raised his head with dreadful eyes. He understood the tone of my voice. He knew it was true, he was frightened. I let him out to go and bark it off.

We do sell the singing birds; we sell our own children into slavery. Perhaps it is impossible not to: they plead to be sold. Stupidity Street looks often so damned safe and solid. If you try to fight Stupidity Street with its own weapons you are sure to lose. "Let me choose my own weapons and I'll conquer the world" (or as much of it as I need to conquer.) Who was it said that? It doesn't matter: nothing is true until you say it to yourself. But I'll put quotation marks around it to make it look less braggart.

I remember once pleading to a taskmaster that a pen was not a jade in harness but a feather lifted in the wind. He forgot it promptly; he was an editor. Now Regus Patoff reminds me that pens are often gold. There is, presumably, some stiffening alloy; pure gold would write too sirupy. "Give me a golden pen," cried Keats, and proceeded to write probably the worst maudlin sonnet; though appropriate to its title, "On Leaving Some Friends at an Early Hour." The gold in Shakespeare's pen was not of metal. There was living goose-quill in the point that wrote the tragic, the almost mumbled epilogue, which some scholars tell us was his last word to his customers.

> My project fails,
> Which was to please—
> My ending is despair.

So must all projects end that aim to please any but one's self. You write for others, and live in hope to strike home into their gristle, yet you dare not take thought whether or if they shall approve. For this I like my Russian serf. He dives deep, he brings up what he finds, and heeds not my dismay. But enough of Patoff: he is only a phantom anyhow.

* * *

I was thinking not of writing but of living, or being. Very little writing at a time is plenty; that is why there are essayists, who are people who are lazy, or frequently interrupted, or both; who pretend to Tell All, but really are making continuous subtle choices of omission. It is queer that there are not more women essayists: women have so much to do. But no, the women all write novels. It takes courage, because a woman can be very happy rearranging bureau drawers. I suppose the bureau drawers of women novelists are very impromptu.

But when you begin to write about actual living, instead of nice fantastical stuff, you are immediately embarrassed; it all sounds very humble. If you admit that one evening (you remember that cool evening in April when there were more stars than lonely people knew what to do with?) you sat down in the kitchen with a dog and a plate of frankfurters and said to yourself, This is unquestionably one of the most beautiful evenings I have known,—well, it isn't the kind of thing that goes well in print. A mature dog is excellent for conversation. Anyone who has ever sent the family away for a holiday, and lived alone with the dog and the icebox, understands why old virgins soliloquize to their cats and canaries. No one, moreover, appreciates the very special genius of your conversation as a dog does. If you chat with him a while, gradually building up the argument and the intonation, he relishes it so that he will roll all round the floor, lie on his back kicking, and groan with joyous worship. Very few wives or husbands are so affected.

I fear that our affection for dogs is based on very low motives. We know that no matter how paltry we are, we can count on their admiration; and man has a strong craving to be admired.

The furnace fire burns primrose and blue—again, if you wish, you can call on one of Keats's worst sonnets: "Small busy flames play through the fresh-laid coals." It is not to be supposed that a poet's tailings and slag have not their service: very often they are what pleases us most for random combustion. The kitchen clock ticks conscientiously. There is some excellent theology in the fact that kitchen clocks are always kept ahead of time. You wash up (a pipe never tastes better than over the sink). You consider the adventures of the day—how you got weighed on a subway platform: and discovered that the scales not only tell your weight (176 with overcoat on) but Fortune too. "Will I succeed?" was the question the machine put into your mouth, and gave its own answer: "No, you are not a sticker." That statement you had tried to put in French for a hostess in a little gallic restaurant. "Vous ne collez pas," was your version: why did she shriek so with mirth?

Night, the clear night of spring, comes down and surrounds the well-loved house. This evening is not words, it is life. It is the whole world. Going out to put away the car, I am staggered by the brilliance of Orion. He is earlier and earlier now; soon daylight will overtake him and he is gone until next winter. (At least so I think? I never seem to see him in the summer?) He is running, his head stretched forward, his great limbs awkwardly bestriding the dark; running with the ungainly fierceness of a commuter slogging for a train. It is easy to see what he is running for: Diana, the new moon, eddying away through the lacy trees. The frogs are fluting sadly in Gissing Pond: they seem to think he will not catch her. Turning back from the garage, the corner of my eye tingles upon an illusion, and for the freezing of an instant nerves are knotted with a twitch. The lamp in the study with its rounded hood has taken the form of a head bent watchfully over my table. I see a face, looking downward, radiating light. Do we sometimes see more truth than we know out of what we call the corner of the eye? (or is it the cornea of the eye?)

* * *

The enormous hours of this evening. It is still younger than eight o'clock and there is no necessity. There is nothing between me and space. I can read, I can think, I can walk to and fro and (if necessary) look at myself in the glass. There is nowhere I have to go, there is nothing I have to do. And even tomorrow the same will be true. Like the nautilus, I build the hours of vacancy around me. I can think the most idiot things: I forgive myself everything. Tonight, I say to myself, I am divine. I put on my old blue slippers.

Who can sit down, deliberately and by day, to write of Night? The one I want to remember, is gone forever; tonight may never come. Last Night was too precious to try to write about it while it lasted. I lay down on the couch to try to watch it go by, to see what it was made of.

Night, I discovered, has a faintly bitter taste, caused by its large ingredient of Unattained Possibility; which is another word for Memory? It flows more steadily than Day. Perhaps Eternity is the sum total of Nights, Time just the adding up of Days. Perhaps nothing in Night can quite match the proud feeling of the late forenoon hours; but there are large tracts of Day that Night might well take over. For a sensitive observer Sunsets are protracted far beyond decency. They cause pain. Women however approve of sunsets so they will probably remain unchanged. Sunset is the beginning of women's power. There is a phrase about turning night into day: it is nonsense. It cannot be done. You yield yourself to Night as never to the other. Why has no one ever told me what people think about Night? It has been going on a long while, and is no one doing anything about it? I lie here and glory in it and am terrified. Is it because we see so little we are aware of so much more? I do not believe I have taken Night seriously enough.

I began to weaken—I saw a package from the Book-of-the-Month Club and found myself wondering whether, by any chance, there might be a detective story in it. There wasn't—but I found another kind of book—quite alien to my mood, but interesting. When I went to look for Orion again—at 10:20—he was vanished. I don't know where he goes, but after he leaves the accustomed place over the garage I can never find him again. And I put on the kettle for a cup of cocoa.

The pen, Regus Patoff, lay untouched on the table, his gold all sooted with stale ink. Tomorrow would do for writing. That night I only lived. I was.

Christopher Morley.

Wilfred M. Voynich, who died the other day, had lived in this country since 1914, having come here from England after gaining an international reputation as a bibliographer and medievalist. He was born in Poland and was educated at the University of Moscow. While still a student he was arrested for his activities in the Polish National movement and was held in solitary confinement in the Warsaw Citadel for a number of years. He was later exiled to Eastern Siberia. In 1890 he escaped and went to England, becoming a British subject.

Among his possessions was a large collection of rare manuscripts, acquired in many countries. About a year ago he gave the Library of Congress a fifteenth-century Latin translation of the letters ascribed to Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum, Sicily, and had previously given a fourteenth-century text of the sixth book of Decretals, prepared by a committee of canonists under Pope Boniface VIII, to the same library.

In Mr. Voynich's collection is the "lost manuscript," not yet completely translated, which is ascribed to Bacon. It is in an intricate cipher code, the key to which was discovered by the late Dr. William Romaine Newbold of the University of Pennsylvania after several years' study. Dr. Newbold, who began a translation of the manuscript, stated in 1921 that Bacon had anticipated many of the scientific discoveries of modern times.

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A Modern Synthesis

In liberated moments, we know that a new picture of life and duty is already possible; the elements already exist in many minds around you, of a doctrine of life which shall transcend any written record we have. The new statement will comprise the scepticisms, as well as the faiths of society, and out of unbeliefs a creed shall be formed. For scepticisms are not gratuitous or lawless, but are limitations of the affirmative statement, and the new philosophy must take them in, and make affirmations outside of them, just as much as it must include the oldest beliefs.—*Emerson.*

"DURING the last twenty years, two definite philosophies of life have been emerging in America. One of them seeks to carry further the processes of life and thought that have given us the Industrial Revolution, and all its issues and by-products in politics, social custom, literature, and the arts. This philosophy has assumed many guises during the last few hundred years, but in the form that it has finally made itself manifest here, one may call it the New Mechanism. The other philosophy, in its point of departure and its ethical formulæ, has much in common with the traditional religious conventions of the past; but it differs from earlier doctrines in that it acknowledges the ethical insight of the Hindus and the Chinese, as well as the nearer virtues of Christianity; and in that it makes no pretence to revealed knowledge. This second philosophy calls itself the New Humanism; and it stands in opposition to many of the things that the New Mechanism values and seeks to further.

One uses the terms "New Mechanism" and "New Humanism" as convenient party labels, not by way of accurate description, still less of either praise or disparagement; and it is perhaps time that these two modes of thought were reduced to their essences and examined side by side. Neither seems to me a sufficient philosophy of life; but since for the moment they dominate the arena of public controversy, and since their rival programs of action are embodied in movements as diverse as communism, fascism, the new capitalism, neo-Catholicism, and educational formalism, one may reasonably search out their weaknesses now, before their defects became plain through the more tedious processes of disintegration and decay.

In America, the leaders of both camps are able and distinguished men: Mr. Irving Babbitt, Mr. Paul Elmer More, Mr. John Dewey, and Mr. Charles Beard have all made important contributions to scholarship, philosophy, history, and criticism; and however insufficient their broad formulations may be, a certain part of their work nevertheless has great positive value: their several superstructures are, at many points, far more solid than their foundations. Rejecting their total views, one will still prize many of their specific contributions; in fact, to do otherwise would be to ally ourselves with those trivial minds that place an opprobious label on a whole body of diversified work in order to relieve themselves of the embarrassing task of separating the bad from the good—as if there were not a modicum of honesty in a thief, or a remnant of charity in a Charity Organization!

In the present essay, I shall confine myself to the New Mechanists, because today they represent the established authority; and one must first rout them from their positions of power, before one turns on the New Humanists, the vociferous academic minority that seeks to supplant them. The creed of the New Mechanists is a relatively simple one; and the mere statement of it—like the mere description of Zenith or Main Street—is almost enough to show its fundamental weaknesses.

The New Mechanists are the legitimate heirs, not of the ages, but of the last hundred and fifty years of physical science and mechanical invention. Philosophically, they descend directly from Bentham and Mill and their forerunners; and in literature their sturdiest precursor is the father, not merely of the modern novel, but of a good part of our modern ideology; the excellent Defoe. In essentials, the approach of the New Mechanists is not a new one; for the concentration upon the external environment, considered as a something apart from man's life and destiny, the emphasis upon material progress, the belief that expansion of power is equivalent to a deepening of life, the view that activity is in itself superior to contemplation and that external changes are more important than improvements of thoughts and feelings and perceptions, and, finally, the notion that control of Nature can be separated from the development and expression of the human personality in society—all these beliefs and attitudes have been gathering together steadily for at least three hundred years; and the very obvious changes that have been wrought in our daily life by the new industrial machine have added prestige and authority.

Just as in the seventeenth century Nature was separated by Descartes and Newton from man, and treated as an independent phenomenon with laws of its own, so, from the eighteenth century on, our mechanical and industrial world has been treated as an independent realm, like that of Nature: human needs, human desires and wishes, human standards have been looked upon as secondary and subordinate. The dogmatic materialist has even treated our organic and spiritual reactions as if they were entirely determined by the economic state of society; and this has been merely an exaggeration in thought of a tendency that was becoming apparent in habits and morals. Energies which, in the thirteenth century, were poured into the creation of great symbolic structures like the Cathedral, were in the nineteenth almost completely canalized by productive industry, and the human motives which were not directly satisfied by the industrial process were pretty largely starved and cheated.

Various results flowed from the creed of the Mechanists, and among others, a considerable pragmatic justification. By treating Nature and the Machine as entirely independent, self-sufficient phenomena, this philosophy centered man's attention upon an astutely simplified picture of the world from which he himself was excluded; and it made him a little apologetic and half-hearted in his concern for forces or ideas that lay outside this hypothetical order, since by definition they could not be "real." This devaluation of what man himself contributes to the picture of the world and to the order that exists in it went on steadily, in spite of the philosophy of Kant and the poetic intuitions of Blake, who warned us against "single vision and Newton's sleep." Obviously, many previous cultures had paid great attention to the material aspects of existence; that was a condition of survival; but the animus of the nineteenth century was to cast every interest or activity into disrepute, unless it directly served the utilitarian process.

IT is only within the last few years that we have begun to call our period The Machine Age; but it was towards this particular consummation that the dominant philosophy and practice of the last three hundred years have been directed. In order to achieve it, we have cheerfully belittled important aspects of life which, like sexual passion, have no industrial value; and we have refused to take seriously matters which cannot be gauged by pointer readings, formulated by statistics, or promoted, like party politics, by a mechanical manipulation of monies and ballot-boxes. Hence we have a sociology which ignored the fundamental instrument of humanization in society, the city; we have had an economics which never recognized the final stage in the productive process, that of creation, the stage expressed in art and thought and culture; we have had a psychology which has alternated between investigating a disembodied wraith called "mind" and a dismantled cadaver, divorced from the intricate social environment which makes man responsive to remote stimuli and remote systems of control; we have had, finally, a physical science so narrowly bent on its own systematic discoveries that its practitioners have been no more aware than a somnambulist of the way in which their "pure" results were being betrayed, to the great distress of human life, in modern business, politics, and warfare. In short, the Machine Age has proved a very prosperous time for Machinery.

No one doubts, nevertheless, that valuable results have been achieved, both in thought and in social life, through our new instrumental technique, even though that technique be based upon a curiously incomplete picture of reality. But here, too, we must distinguish between specific results, and the pervasive attitudes and activities that have accompanied them. Whatever the useful by-products, this mechanical period has been disastrous to the human spirit, for it disintegrated it. Only warped and one-sided personalities have been in thorough harmony with the new environment; while the great spirits of the nineteenth century, like Ruskin and Nietzsche and Arnold and Tolstoy and Van Gogh and Carlyle, to mention only those we can now see in full perspective, were both at odds with the environment and divided in themselves. These men were not always correct in diagnosing the cause of their ailment: but they did not seek to alleviate the symptoms by applying words like Progress and Efficiency to them. Darwin was near enough to a humane tradition of life to realize that he had become emotionally sterile through his wholly one-sided devotion to his science; he differed from his contemporaries by the fact that he was aware of his deficiency, and not inclined to belittle the loss.

Since the New Mechanists, by a deep, persistent bias, look upon the external physical fact as the abiding reality, and since such facts are constantly changing under the impact of scientific discovery and invention, the main problem of life, as they see it, consists in the adjustment of human ideas and needs to these more obdurate externals. In preparing a symposium on our destiny, "Whither Mankind," Mr. Charles Beard for example treated modern technology as the fixed and central fact of our lives, and asked his contributors to show how art and philosophy and law and a dozen other aspects of life had been affected by this new force. The problem was a pertinent one, and certainly worth posing: but I feel pretty sure it did not occur to Mr. Beard to select, say, art or religion as equally central points in human society, and to ask how the status of the machine is affected by the traditions and practices of these activities.

Yet it should be plain that no one aspect of life is more important for the totality than any other aspect. If the absence of iodine in certain glands can upset the growth and functioning of the whole body, it is equally probable that there are phases of experience, such as play or daily contact with nature, which are so vital to the personality that the absence of relatively small quantities can upset the development of the personality; and whether this be a fact or not, the mere bulk of modern technology is no proof whatever of its relevance to human life and its value for sustaining it. Greek philosophy or Jewish morals have had a more permanent influence upon human life than Roman engineering; but there is nothing in the creed of the New Mechanists that would explain this fact. Modern physiology has demonstrated that the chief characteristic of an organism is the maintenance of its equipoise; that it has an elaborate system of compensatory "mechanisms" which enables it to maintain the delicate balance necessary for life against every deficiency or excess in the external environment; and there is no reason to think that any line can be drawn between the maintenance of the acid-alkaline balance in the blood, for instance, and the psychological equipoise of the organism as a whole.

Plainly, if human life consisted, as the New Mechanists suppose, in adjustment to the dominant physical environment, man would have left the world as he found it, as most of his biological companions have done. Man's uniqueness consists in the fact that, since the equipoise he seeks involves more than his physiological balance, he has created standards and ends and purposes of his own which he imposes upon nature. Sometimes these standards are grotesque and ineffectual, sometimes humane and wise; but good or bad, he uses them to modify the conditions of his life, to the end that his habitat and his institutions, indeed the very direction of his daily activities, are altered towards the forms which he himself has conceived. His own balance cannot be achieved, without altering the natural conditions that environ him.

If this is a fairly accurate picture of man's relationship to Nature, why should he assume a more craven posture in confronting the machine, which is his own creation? Untempered by positive knowledge and a just sense of his limitations man has in

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by Lewis Mumford

the past often defeated his own ends by creating standards that are capricious and absurd: he has been capable of deforming the human anatomy in the pursuit of a barbarous dream of beauty, and he has enhanced the mystery of the universe by horrible human sacrifices; or he has set before the mass of his fellows ideals of conduct that have their origin in purely neurotic conceptions of healthy organic acts. But even in these perversions, there is an acknowledgement of the fact that man himself in part creates the conditions under which he lives, and is not merely the impotent prisoner of circumstance. Every form of life, as Patrick Geddes proves, shows to a greater or less extent this "insurgence"; in him it reaches its apex.

Those of us who believe this, return upon the mechanists with their own doctrine, so vital in its partial truths and achievements, and say: your overemphasis upon the "external" and the mechanical aspects of existence was itself the outcome of human choice. A Roger Bacon, a Leonardo, an Andreae, a Marquis of Worcester, a Watt sought to carve a new channel for life to flow in, when other channels were closed up. In so far as they permitted the stream of life to flow, by concentrating upon practical achievements, shaking off a superstitious theology and a frivolous social ritual, we acknowledge the importance of their quest, even though it was accompanied by the destruction of natural resources, the disaster of great wars, the dilapidation of cultures, the enslavement of an industrial population, and the multiplication of mechanical substitutes for health and joy and organic activity.

* * *

To say this, however, is not to acknowledge the primacy of the "external environment" or to preach the gospel of adjustment: that is both bad metaphysics and bad politics. So when Mr. John Dewey says, as he did in a recent article in *The New Republic*, that the salvation of the modern individual lies in making his own chaotic personality conform to the corporate pattern that has been automatically created by modern technology and finance, one wonders if he can possibly be conscious of the defeatism involved in such a position? Has he so much respect for the by-products of life in the external world, and so little respect for life itself, at the center? For all his protestations to the contrary, it would seem that Mr. Dewey in his heart of hearts accepts no values except those provided by the immediate situation, although intellectually he is aware of the nature of the social process, and knows that, as a creature with a social heritage, man belongs to a world that includes a past and a future as well as a present and can, by his own selective efforts, create new passages and ends not derived from his immediate situation. Indeed, the creative act would be impossible if man lived only in one dimension of time and had no other resources than those of his local society.

The mechanist's unbounded faith in the forces and institutions outside of him turns out in practice to be a counsel of despair: he has no better advice to offer those who wish more rational ends and more satisfactory modes of life than to get aboard the industrial bandwagon and to permit "the unavowed forces that now work upon us unconsciously but unremittingly to have a chance to build minds after their own pattern." That the minds themselves should achieve a new pattern, and work upon the "unavowed forces" does not occur to the New Mechanist; or rather, Mr. Dewey faces this point, and says, with a certain show of contemptuous irritation, that it cannot be done. It is not for nothing that this advice is often accompanied by a scarcely concealed disparagement of the more positive expressions of the spirit which other cultures achieved, though limited by a more primitive technology. Mr. Leo Stein has asked, in the face of the popular art of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, if painting of the first order has ever given human pleasure; Mr. Carl Sandburg has implied that the impulse in back of the Sistine Chapel was no other than that which now creates the modern advertisement; and Mr. Dewey himself habitually refers to the arts of the past as if they were, contrary to historic evidence, the property of a single class in the community. If our present reality cannot be justified as ideal, then the ideal products of the past must be proved unreal. And why? The machine and the world conceived as a machine are "real"; the human personality and the products of personality are, for the mechanist, dead, unreal, empty, impotent—as in fact they are, so long as he holds to his philosophy!

Conscious of the importance of factual knowledge, and of all that science can handle by its method of eliminating the "human factor" from its descriptions, the mechanists are, unfortunately, blank to the importance of those alterations in our environment which we create by the very operation of the personality. The belief in science, quite legitimate in itself, has resulted in a disbelief in ideology and a contempt for all that is covered by philosophy and the fine arts and a normative ethics. Science seeks to describe the world as it is: our ideologies project and create the world that is to be: the first seeks to make the personality with all its passions and hopes respect the facts, and in so far as it achieves this end, it promotes a mature type of personality, since only infants in their cradle have the privilege of supposing that the world conforms magically to the state of their desires. The ideologies, on the other hand, seek to make the facts conform to the needs of the personality; they impose upon the mere welter and chaos of existence the order and measure of man's personality.

Both the sciences and the ideologies become operative in human affairs through the arts; but, as a result of our lopsided development during the past two centuries, science and technology have not merely flourished in their own right: they have taken over or attempted to wipe out the domain occupied by philosophy and esthetics and hearts that they influence. Result: one-sided thought and action, one-sided personalities: dominance of the practical: disruption of emotional life: isolation and sterility of the fine arts: inanition of the arts of gymnastic and the dance, or their specialization in a narrow professional group: failure to integrate all our vital functions, with a further failure of thought itself as a vital function, since cut off from its source of nourishment.

* * *

What is the remedy for this condition? The remedy does not consist solely in the further application of science to those phases of life and society which were ignored, perforce, in the Newtonian scheme: it also calls for an effort to refurbish the ideologies themselves, taking them out of the hands of the Struldbrugs of orthodoxy and superstition, and reformulating them as completely as the empirical knowledge of the alchemist and the herbalist was reformulated after Boyle and Linnaeus. Philosophy has still, in spite of all recent attempts to make it a subaltern of science, a strong independent tradition of its own, which in the hands of philosophers as diverse as Bergson and Whitehead and Croce and Geddes is capable of laying down a new system of education, since the art that springs directly out of philosophy is education, and the consummation of every philosophic system, from Plato to Giovanni Gentile, is a program of education. Esthetics as a discipline has never been satisfactorily developed; except for Aristotle it is still immanent in the works of art of the past; and until it is adequately formulated it can have no sufficient directive influence. As for religion, it has been tied too strictly to theories of the gods, apologia for very local deities; and if it is to hold our minds it must find terms broad enough to transcend these local barriers and represent the ultimate values of mankind. It is enough at this point to indicate the province of our new effort. Only by a synergy of able minds can it be achieved.

By such a restoration of the ideologies, the personality-as-a-whole will have an adequate apparatus of expression. Mere fantasy will not endeavor to impose itself on matters of fact, nor will our technique for establishing positive fact curb men's efforts to alter the crude circumstances of their existence in relation to their stable needs as complete human beings: in short, we shall have mature thought and rational action, instead of the juvenilities and automatisms that too frequently serve as substitutes. The rôle of a modern ideology is something other than that of merely conforming to and validating the truths established by science or translated into our industrial mechanism. Our real problem is to direct the sciences and the ideologies and their congruent arts towards the complete expression of the human personality in society. In this, the central elements are personality and society, and not "science" and the "machine."

The foregoing article is presented as affording another aspect of the controversy propounded in Mr. Beard's discussion of last week. Its author, Lewis Mumford, is well known as a lecturer and writer, among his better-known works being "Sticks and Stones" and "Golden Days." A recent book bearing upon the subject of Mr. Mumford's essay that might will be read in connection with it is "Humanism in America," edited by Norman Foerster.

The World about Us

THE NEW WORLD OF PHYSICAL DISCOVERY. By FLOYD L. DARROW. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1929.

Reviewed by T. SWANN HARDING

THIS is decidedly the best scientific popularization that has come to my ken. It is unusually accurate. It is well-balanced. It is readable without touching the low level of imbecile diction so many popular writers on science consider it necessary to use when addressing presumably adult and educated laymen. Although it is a matter of professional necessity for me to know much of the subjects upon which Mr. Darrow writes, I found that he managed to make even me sit up and take notice every now and then as he skilfully made vivid and dramatic some familiar fact or concept. In spite of the fact that his review of the past was considerable I do not believe the author can be convicted of wrong in the use of his title. For, knowing Mr. Darrow to be a brilliant and a successful popularizer of science, it is quite apparent that examples and explanations must be of quite childish simplicity to achieve their purpose, and that a complete review of the past is necessary on the assumption that all lay adults have, as a matter of course, forgotten the high school science upon which, among other things educational, we expend a total of two billion dollars annually.

Whatever adverse criticism might be made would hinge upon matters of more remote scholarship about which Mr. Darrow may be forgiven for remaining silent among laymen. Thus, to give but a few instances, careful reading of Lynn Thorndike's "Science and Thought in the Fifteenth Century" would dispose of the idea that Roger Bacon and Leonardo da Vinci should occupy the pedestals upon which Mr. Darrow places them. A study of Edwin Arthur Burtt's amazing and profound "Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Physical Science" would demonstrate that Galileo and Boyle were far more important than Mr. Darrow suggests, and that Newton was quite as much theological metaphysician as scientist, in the modern sense. Although he gives relativity much importance Mr. Darrow yet says, "We are as certain of atoms and molecules as we are of the clay beneath our feet," a bit of absolutism upon which he would find Bridgman and Joseph Henry Woodger, as well as practically all other truly modern scientific philosophers, in violent disagreement.

In his excellent chapter, "A Topsyturvy World," Mr. Darrow makes quite plain, and in a most interesting manner for a subject so complex, man's eternal search for simplicity underlying complexity, a search which can only be abandoned temporarily for, the simplicity once found, new complexities arise and man must discover or invent new explanations to suit the new phenomena, or events, he observes. It so happened that I read this book at the same time that I was rereading for the second time the halting English translation of Henri Poincaré's profound "Foundations of Science." Just why so many things which Mr. Darrow, and almost everybody else, associate with the name of Einstein, are so associated, when Poincaré really revealed them to the scientific world, remains as much a puzzle to me as the reason that this brilliant genius gets a mere line in a cyclopedia, announcing that he was a physicist, while his politician relative is given half a column.

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Books of Special Interest

Grant the General

THE GENERALSHIP OF ULYSSES S. GRANT. By COLONEL J. F. C. FULLER. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEELY
Dartmouth College

IT is an interesting fact that several of the best books on the military leaders of the Civil War have been written by English soldiers. Conspicious among these are Henderson's "Jackson," Maurice's "Lee," and Liddell-Hart's recently published "Sherman." Colonel Fuller's study deserves to be listed with them. As the title indicates, his work is not biographical: it is chiefly an analysis of Grant's military activities as a commander in the Union army. About one third of the book is given to Grant's services as a subordinate general and nearly half to his work as general-in-chief. The remaining portions are devoted largely to a preliminary discussion of the strategy and tactics of the war and a concluding section on "The Generalship of Peace," a sort of philosophical discussion of war and its relation to peace.

It is not likely that the general reader will find the book of engaging interest, but students of military history are almost certain to enjoy it and profit by it, even though they may not agree with some of Colonel Fuller's judgments and conclusions. He has not delved as widely into the source materials of the period as has Liddell-Hart, but he has made generous use of the most important sources, notably the "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies." Such a book is not the result of a few months' investigation: it is the fruit of years of study, observation, and experience.

Colonel Fuller has critically analyzed each step in Grant's progress through the war, sometimes following him from day to day, as in the famous Wilderness campaign of 1864. Grant himself is occasionally almost obscured from view in the maze of strategy, tactics, marches, flank movements and attacks. This is one of the deficiencies of the book. It would have lightened the narrative considerably, and in no wise have detracted from it, had the author now and again injected a graphic and intimate picture of Grant in camp or in the field. Liddell-Hart has done so with telling effect in his treatment of Sherman.

Colonel Fuller contends very emphatically that great injustice has been done Grant in setting him down as a cold-blooded butcher who stubbornly and needlessly sacrificed thousands of men to gain his objectives. The Northern press originated the charges in 1864 and the historians have reiterated them, but the author's own inquiries have convinced him that not only were Grant's losses smaller proportionately to the size of his army than were those of Lee in the Wilderness, but they stand favorable comparison with those of many other prominent Northern and Southern generals. "If anything," he says, "Lee rather than Grant, deserves to be accused of sacrificing his men." Instead of being a mere line-plunger, Fuller declares that Grant was "the greatest strategist of his age, of the war, and, consequently, its greatest general;" that he was the only Northern general who had a comprehension of grand strategy, that is, the relationship between policy and war, and that he never overlooked the political situation and the necessity of conforming to it. He was not bound by military conventions and book strategy, or obsessed by real or imaginary difficulties: he was always ready to act. He conceived a grand plan and then step by step executed it.

> From Paducah to Appomattox . . . Grant's strategical plan, upon which all actions were to pivot, was maintained in spite of all difficulties; this in itself constitutes one of the most remarkable cases of concentration of purpose and maintenance of direction to be found in the history of war.

Many of the author's assessments of the generals of the Civil War are of especial interest. In some instances he reaches new and surprising conclusions; in others he agrees with the judgments already rendered but sharpens the criticism. To Halleck, Thomas, and William F. Smith he is merciless. Buel, he believes, was "a far abler soldier than McClellan;" Meade "an indifferent tactician," many of whose blunders have been unloaded on Grant. Sherman is credited with being an able general, but decidedly inferior to Grant. In Colonel Fuller's opinion he was unpardonably destructive; Sherman's own dispatches are used to damn him. Liddell-Hart, on the other hand, has offered Sherman quotations, drawn from the same source, which tend materially to soften the usual criticisms of the general's actions. It is certainly true that interpretation is largely a matter of selection of materials. When the experts and critics disagree, the reader must judge for himself. In this reviewer's opinion, Colonel Fuller underestimates and is at times unfair to Sherman.

Albert Sidney Johnston and Lee also suffer considerably in the author's assessments and again not always justly. The former is set down as "a very common type of brave but stupid soldier." Lee is admitted to be a great general, but found deficient as a general-in-chief. His strategy, says Colonel Fuller, often led to brilliant tactical successes, but it was not of a type to win the war. "Lee's one and only chance was to imitate the great Fabius, and plot to win the war, even if in the winning of it he lost every battle he fought." But how long might Lee have held his command, or how long might the Davis government have been sustained, had he adopted such a policy at the outset? Were not victories essential to keep up Southern morale, obtain state aid, and win the much-sought-for European support? Has not the author here overlooked the political factor which he insists is necessary to great generalship? Surely it is not necessary to indulge in rash statements, as Colonel Fuller occasionally does, in order to emphasize the excellence of Grant's generalship as compared with some of his compatriots and opponents.

Leacockisms

THE IRON MAN AND THE TIN WOMAN, With Other Such Futurities. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY

THE publication of the new collection of Leacockisms may jog a mind here and there into a somewhat troubled state as to something askew somewhere. What is the source of this undefined worrit?

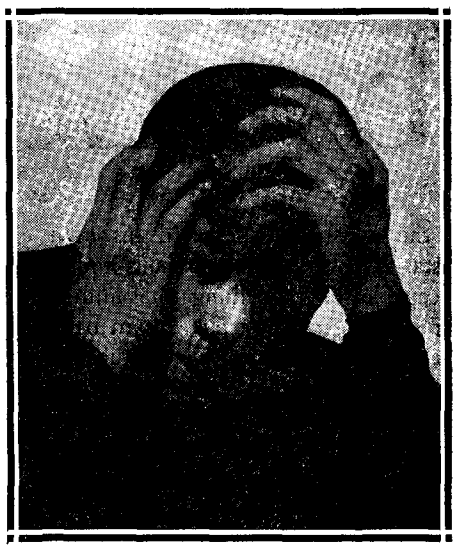
We know a young woman who lately got married. When it developed that certain of her habits produced some disharmony in her new relationship she observed wonderingly, "Why, I've done that for years"—it not occurring to her that in an altered order of things there might be occasion for some change in her perspective. Mr. Leacock, evidently curiously innocent of any suspicion as to the perpetual jollity of it all, has been doing his steady brand of humorisms for now nineteen years.

During those two portentous decades just past an altogether unprecedented amount of water has gone down the literary mill. And, in particular, much that in its season was screamingly humorous has been sadly blown upon. The point of these unstartling observations is the emerging fact that the pristine spectacle of Mr. Leacock, incredibly blithe and inexplicably unhurt, presents a conundrum. Veteran headliner of a vastly more yokel day, twirling his original slapstick, his box office pull, including the orchestra circle, is a social phenomenon that solicits interrogation. Leacockitis seems to be a curiously tenacious bug. The other day, however, a confessedly confirmed Leacockian, confronted by "The Iron Man and the Tin Woman," diffidently admitted, between the lines, that the later Leacockiana was a falling off. Somebody is likely pretty soon to fail to take Stephen Leacock for granted, and to note that he is a strange case of mistaken identity—in short, not the humorist described in the invoice.

The volume in hand grasps at extreme contemporaneousness by such labels as "Futurities" and "Little Sketches of Today and Tomorrow," and by the device of treating of robots and such. The tone, cast into jazz tempo, is the guffaw tone of the barbershop reading of the boom days of natural gas. Mr. Leacock took up, not exactly the clumsy mantle of Artemus Ward, but something like the alpaca coat of Robert J. Burdette. In a biographical utterance attached to the present volume he writes:

> Apart from my college work, I have written eighteen books. . . . Any of them can be obtained, absurd though it sounds, for the mere sum of two dollars. Yet these works are of so humorous a character that, for many years, it was found impossible to print them. The compositors fell back from their task suffocated with laughter and gasping for air. Nothing but the invention of the linotype machine—or rather, of the kind of men who operate it—made it possible to print these books. Even now, people have to be very careful in circulating them, and the books should never be put into the hands of persons not in robust health.

That would have been good Bill Nye. In this our time I fear it is no laughing matter.



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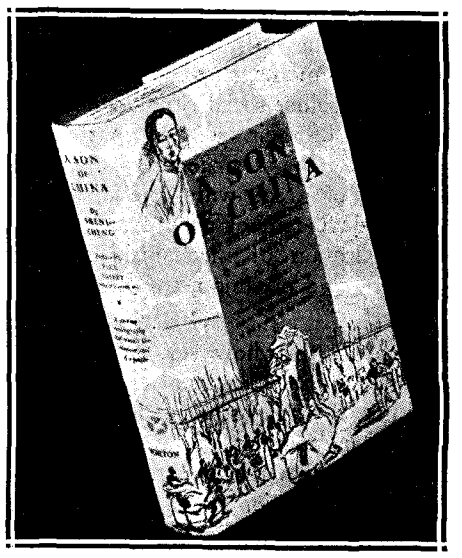

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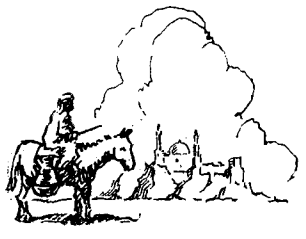

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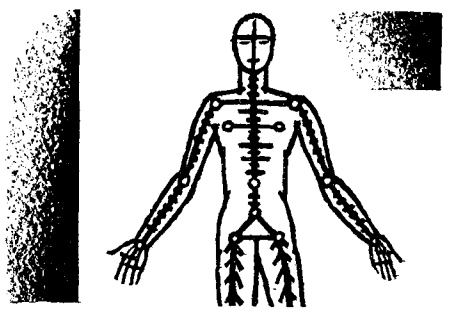

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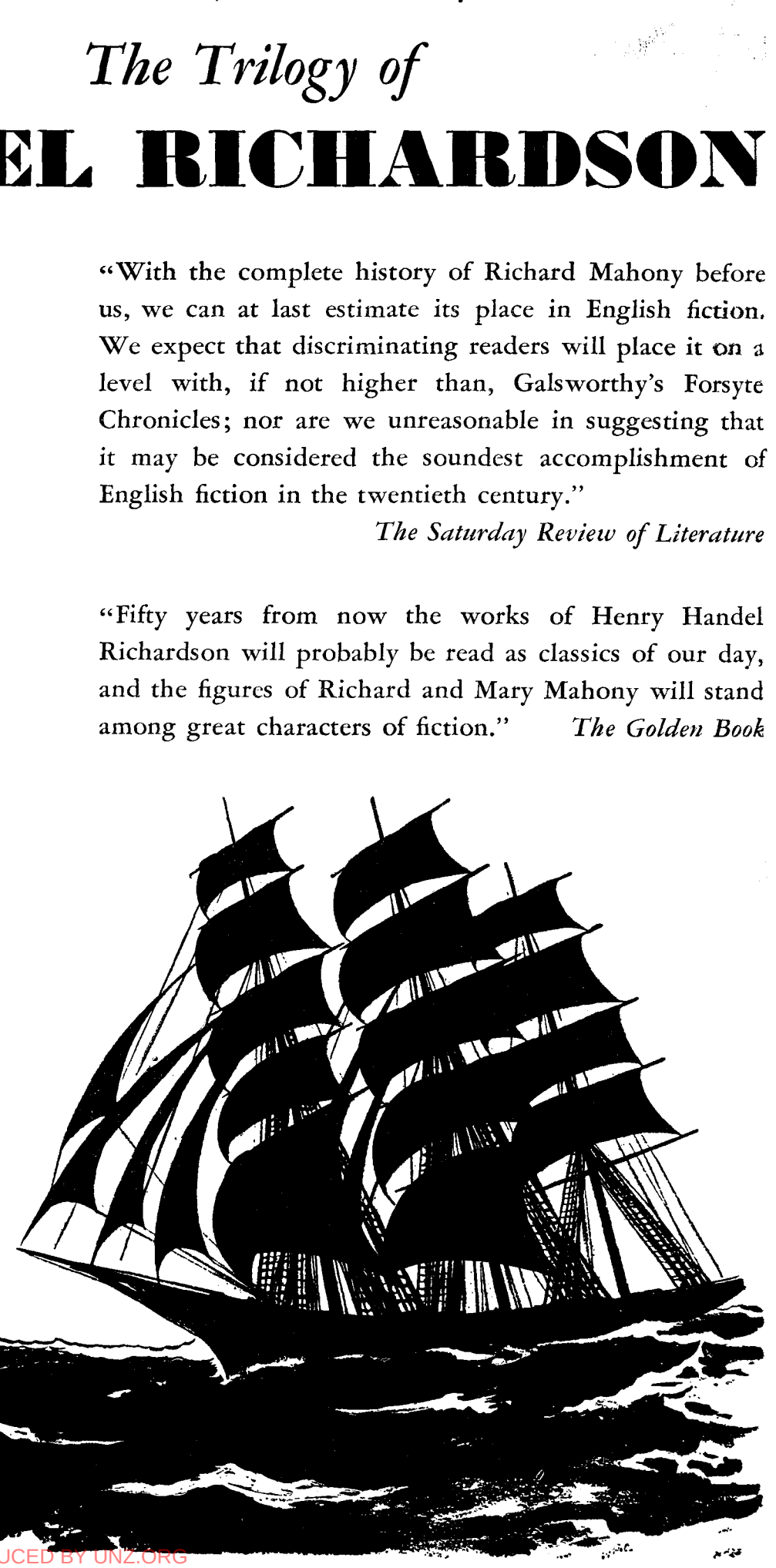

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She carries six "stretchers" and three "sitters." One "stretcher" is disembowelled, one is coughing up his lungs in cupfuls, one is a head with young eyes and a torso with four red blobs where the limbs were, one is a strong body with no face, one is a shrieking madman, one is shell-shocked and howls like a wolf. The sitters are merely handless or stinking with gangrene, or wobbly with trench fever. The girl takes them to the hospital through the dark, over pitted roads. Above the steady roar of guns she can hear them fighting behind her. Her language matches theirs.

Then there is another load, and another. Afterwards it is time to use the ambulance for a hearse, to carry five soldiers and a nurse and a V. A. D. who killed herself up to the cemetery on the hill. If there is any tepid cocoa when she gets in at three she can drink it before she sleeps in her clothes until seven. In the morning she must be clean without water and strong without food, and her ambulance must be scrubbed sweet inside and out, engine running and tires firm to start again. Between times she must get out of the way of air raids if she can, and pick up the pieces of the girls who couldn't. She must keep the commandant from knowing that two of the V. A. D.'s in the unit aren't "attractive to men"; and read busy prideful letters from home.

On leave she may sleep with a boy who is going out to get killed the next day; help her sister through an abortion; dance with the lad she will marry when the war is over and who will, by that time, have been unsexed by a piece of shell; and listen to her parents boast about doing their bit for England. And it is harder to face them down, to burn her uniform and say she is through with war than it is to go back and do it all over again.

If you want to know more about women in war, you had better read Miss Helen Zenna Smith's book. "Savage, unsentimental, pitifully true, and profoundly compassionate," says the jacket. "It isn't art. It is war."

This is the *first* review, signed by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS in the April second issue of the *Outlook and Independent*, of

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From the *second* review by JOHN CLAIR MINOT in *The Boston Herald*:

"*Stepdaughters of War*" tells of the author's experiences and of those of her associates with an utter frankness and an intensity of passion that makes Mary Lee's prize-winning "*It's a Great War!*" a model of restraint by comparison. It is much more vivid, if indeed it is not much better done, than Rebecca West's "*War Nurses.*"

It is not a book for the squeamish. In fact, this is not at all to be confused with the war novels, and certainly not to be lost sight of in the avalanche of them. It is a convincing, though terrible, recital of what war did to one woman—to many women.

It is all nightmarish exaggeration, of course! War could never be like that—not even that all-engulfing bloody hell which we call the World War! Thus we make protest. And yet—and yet—is it possible to exaggerate what the war did to the lives and the souls of those women who saw it in its worst aspects?

Some Recent Fiction

Freedom Within Marriage

TANTALUS. By JO VAN AMMERS-KÜLLER. Translated from the Dutch by G. J. RENIER and IRENE CLEPHANE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

EVERT TIDEMAN, the central character in this novel, is temperamentally unable to be faithful to his wife, even though he really does love her, half-consciously and inarticulately. Tantalized, bewitched by each new stenographer, housemaid, or casual little stranger, he stumbles into affair after affair, none of them coming to much of anything, to be sure, but each one aggravating the difficulties between himself, his wife, and his wife's family, the Vogels. These last are sober Hollanders of wealth and position, conservative-minded to the point of fanaticism, a breed of super-Forsytes. Finally a divorce becomes inevitable, and at the end of the novel Evert is left at sixes and sevens, married to a simple-minded American girl, but thoroughly unhappy and defeated—quite as usual. The last chapter evades all its responsibilities and is a far from satisfactory conclusion.

Throughout the narrative the main emphasis is on the problem of freedom within marriage. Which is preferable, asks the author, the conservative Dutch faithfulness (the old school), or the American policy of laissez-faire (the new school)? The problem is made to seem much more definable and precise than is healthy for the effectiveness of the story. Instead of sensing an implied conflict between the new and the old, we are thrown into a veritable debate, with long didactic passages and loud moralizings. Surely the boundary lines are less sharply drawn than Jo van Ammers-Küller suggests; and certainly national systems of marriage-ethics are not so easily blueprinted. In brief, this is one of those novels that fail to persuade because of their preoccupation with sociology rather than with art. We resent sitting so obviously in the class room.

Many readers will be annoyed by the novel's interpretation of American semi-high life. On the jacket, Jo van Ammers-Küller is quoted thus: "I visited America in 1925 and published a small book of traveling impressions in 1926. My new novel, 'Tantalus', partly pictures American family life as I saw it during that visit." Her picture is, to be sure, more nearly accurate than the pictures painted by some of the condescending foreigners who have glanced at us, but nevertheless it leaves a good deal to be wished for. In "Tantalus" we see the America of hard-boiled young women, of dances at Country Clubs, and of "this feverish tension (that) . . . eventually kills one." It is rather discouraging to suspect that a great many fairly intelligent Europeans think of us in such superficial terms.

Two items in the novel are really commendable: the excellent portrait of Evert Tideman; and the suggestions of solidity and strength seen in the Vogels. Both Tideman and his "in-laws" are carefully developed; they carry conviction and are of definite significance. Tideman is a universal type, and Jo van Ammers-Küller gets pretty well to the roots of his malady. He and the Vogels make "Tantalus" worth reading, and it is possible (though not over-likely) that we will remember them after we have forgotten the somewhat shoddy rest of the novel.

In a Penal Colony

FREE. By BLAIR NILES. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT L. ROE

HAVING laid a foundation of authoritativeness in background, character, and psychology in her travel books and with her probing document on the French penal colony, Blair Niles first definitely enters the field of fiction with "Free," in which she reverts for color, character, and plot to her last, and, since it has been picturized, sensational, success.

The plot is epically simple, almost bare. Stephen Latour having finished a period of hard labor on the penal islands has years of exile to serve in the colonies on the mainland where the paternal government thoughtfully fails to provide any means of subsistence. Its charges get along as best they may, which means starvation for most of them, for there is little work by which they can make money. Naturally the uppermost thought in the minds of those who are not broken-spirited and resigned is escape. Stephen is no exception to the rule.

There are difficulties in the way of accomplishing his desire which are not solely those offered by the impenetrable jungles and the sharp watch of the colonial police—the temptation, for instance, to love the beautiful Celeste, the blue-eyed, honey-colored girl who has never known any other life than that of the penal colony and who cannot understand why men are anxious to escape into a world where there is poverty and suffering just as there is in Cayenne. She has no conception of what freedom means. She is very desirable and continually recurrent in Stephen's thoughts as a possible alternative to freedom.

Stephen's quest brings him into contact with all the forces of his world, all prisoners, even the nuns who are the voluntary slaves of their duty. Eventually, having sacrificed everything to obtain a forged passport and having been caught and imprisoned, he escapes in the excitement over the death of "papa" Galmot, who moves in the background of those people's minds as a saviour, a sort of political messiah, whose policies and honesty will bring peace and plenty to the sufferers.

I feel no hesitation in exposing the plot because the interest of the book is not in the least dependent on it. It is the atmosphere, the characters, the writing, which matter. Ambrose, the giant Negro, who sacrifices his life for his pride; Albert, the father of Celeste and the gaunt Madame Emmeline; Volmar, the Jew, who had betrayed his country for the sake of a little gold-digger, and whose tortured soul finds surcease in music which haunts the town; the nuns; the old priest; the savagery of nature and of man are all caught up in the delicate beginnings of a style and made into something which we can recognize.

There is some splendid work here. If "Free" is not a great novel it is at least a great beginning.

Low Life

BOTTOM DOGS. By EDWARD DAHLBERG. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1930. $2.50.

THIS work seems to represent the vanishing point, the *reductio ad absurdum*, of the naturalistic "low life" novel. Here the narrator is identified with his material, and we have what amounts to sub-animal reaction reported by the sub-animal itself.

"The next step," wrote the late D. H. Lawrence in an introduction. "is legal insanity, or just crime. The book is perfectly sane: yet two more strides and it is criminal insanity." Mr. Lawrence also professed to find something in the picture peculiarly American. In subduing a continent, the American pioneer suffered a

> deep psychic change which we call breaking of the heart, the collapse of the flow of spontaneous warmth between a man and his fellows. . . . While the old sympathetic glow continues, there are violent hostilities between people, but they are not secretly repugnant to one another. Once the heart is broken, people become repulsive to one another secretly, and they develop social benevolence. They smell in each other's nostrils. . . . As it says in this novel: "The American senses other people by their sweat and their kitchens." By which he means their repulsive effluvia. . . .

Briefly, the story, if such a mere linear stringing out of more or less disagreeable details can be called a story, follows, from childhood to the twenties, a sub-normal boy, so lacking in backbone, vitality, or whatever you choose to call it, that he loves nothing, cares for nothing, has no positive or go-ahead impulses of any sort, and simply drifts about, like a ball on a bagatelle board, propelled aimlessly by a weak prurience and his successive disgusts.

The artistic merit of the book, if it can be called such, is that manner perfectly fits matter. There is no plot, no dramatization, smelly words and paragraphs follow each other in the same dull level of aimlessness as the incidents of the boy's and young man's life. Mr. Lawrence found that this spectacle of "consciousness in a state of repulsion helps one to understand the world, and saves one the necessity of having to follow out the phenomenon of physical repulsion any further, for the time being."

We doubt if the book helps one to understand any considerable or significant part of anything. Scullions in cheap cafés, moppers-up in slaughter-houses, actual "bottom-dogs" in our actual world, kill themselves and each other for "love," turn themselves into debt-slaves to buy beds or radios on the instalment-plan, join the Communist Party, do all sorts of things that reveal some sort of will to live. The portion of the American, or any other population, motivated only by their repulsions, is so small as to be negligible as compared with the broad mass. And the next step in "helping one to understand the world," would be, as Mr. Lawrence suggests, a tale of insanity written by an idiot.

A Prize Novel

THE SEVENTH GATE. By MURIEL HARRIS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by BELLAMY PARTRIDGE

MURIEL HARRIS, winner of a $5,000 English novel prize for her "The Seventh Gate," gets off to a big idea. Suppose you could harness sex, says she, and devote the tremendous power behind it to the development of any talent you may happen to possess. Why, you could move mountains!

Miss Harris is putting it mildly. Moving mountains is not so much of a trick. It is done every day by a lot of dark-skinned Mediterraneans sitting at the controls of steam shovels and derricks and things, without in any way interfering with their regular business of sex. To move a mere mountain is only a matter of a little time. But to make a great singer out of a middle-aged teacher of the pianoforte with no voice and only a very negligible amount of music in her soul is, to say the least, quite an accomplishment. And yet that is the theme of the book selected by Hugh Walpole, Frank Swinnerton, and Sheila Kaye-Smith as the best of the six hundred offered. So there must be something to it.

Catherine Troon, the heroine of this strange adventure, is rather unreliable as a music teacher. She stops at the library to read magazines and forgets that she has pupils waiting. Left to Catherine the Troon School of Music would soon have gone on the rocks. But fortunately there is a more methodical sister to hold the aspiring musicians in line. It is from a magazine at the library, however, that Catherine first catches the big idea. It inflames her. It sets her brain on fire, but nothing really happens to her until she is tripped by a dog and gets a bump on the head. Then suddenly in an amateur theatrical performance she emerges as a prima donna.

She electrifies her audience of old friends who had never before seen any signs of greatness in her. And she rather worries the harried medical man who had written the article on harnessing the horsepower of sex to talent. He had advanced the idea at so much a word and had really not supposed that anybody would take it so literally. He realized the dangers involved and would have been glad to see her safely back at her music lessons.

But no. She became petulant and temperamental and disagreeable, and in due time she interested some well-meaning people who took her to France to have her talent encouraged. And there she annoyed and concerned them all by dropping out of sight, only to emerge a little later as the greatest singer of the age. But that was not all; she had made such good use of the bottled up elixer of sex that she had become young and beautiful, and though forty she appeared to be only twenty.

Of course she bowled over France, the country where genius is appreciated. Then nothing would do but a conquest of England. And it was when she came to Beethoven Hall that the author of the article committed an indiscretion which brought a great career to a sudden termination.

The book though a little dull in spots is amusing. There is a nice sense of humor about the doings of the "B Flat Club" and the "Tired Teachers" as well as in the racial differences between the French and the English. It is a competent piece of writing; nothing startling or extraordinary. Its chief value lies in its gorgeously preposterous theme, over which the author gets so excited at times that she forgets she is only fooling. And one can not help wondering what the other 599 novels entered in the contest must have been like.

John O'London's Weekly states that John van Druten, the author of "Young Woodley," has spent much of his time during the last winter in the Isle of Skye, hard at work upon a new novel. Though the book is nearly finished, Mr. Druten says that he has not been able to decide upon a satisfactory title. The tale is a dramatic portrait of a woman novelist, a definitely fascinating person, but one who is a failure in life because of weakness of ambition, and an easy generosity.

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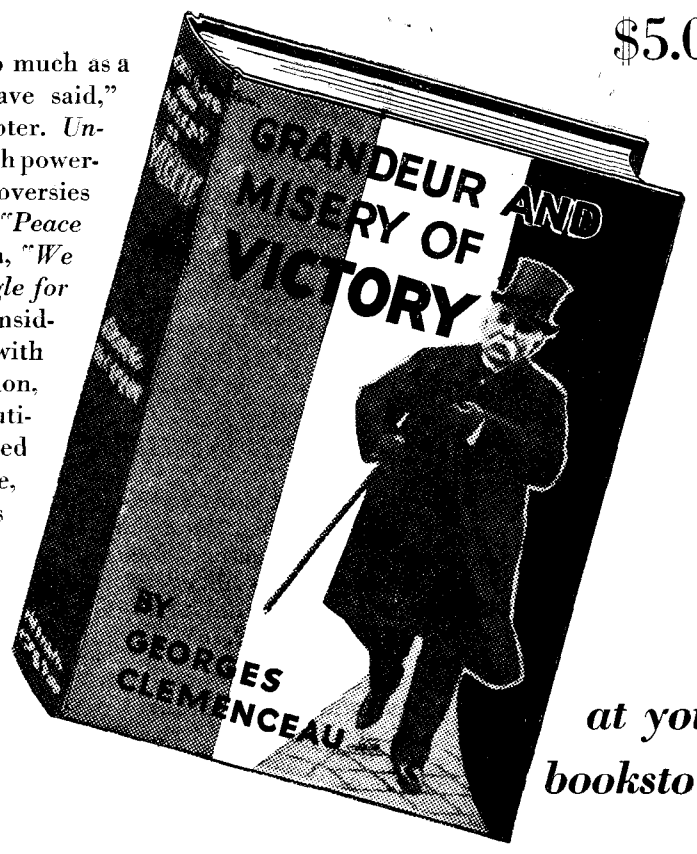
"A completely absorbing novel."—*N. Y. Times. Third printing.* $2.50

THIS is the book that the great French War Premier had just finished correcting when he dropped his pen a few hours before his death on November 24, 1929; the book whose contents the international press has been attempting to guess for months; the book of which the *London Observer* says, "It will be part of the essential material of modern history;" the book into which the ferocious war-ruler puts his strongest expression on the personalities and the crucial matters of the War and the years after. Here is the last will and testament of the Tiger—*the one post-war revelation that has caught the imagination of the world.*

"I AM not disposed to withdraw so much as a single comma from what I have said," writes Clemenceau in the last chapter. *Uncensored and unabridged*, here is such powerful stuff as will settle some controversies and stir up others for a generation. *"Peace or War,"* says Georges Clemenceau, *"We are in the midst of a relentless struggle for power."* And, in addition to the consideration of Clemenceau's relations with Foch and the latter's insubordination, the use of American forces, the mutilation of the Versailles Treaty, pointed criticisms of Pershing, Lloyd George, Wilson, Poincaré and others,—his book contains a brilliant discussion of the future of America and world politics. *(Less than a fifth has been serialized).*

$5.00



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An Acknowledgment

The advertisement on the opposite page is so unusual as to call for a word from the publishers of the book to which it refers.

We paid Mr. Stoops for the illustrations of "American—The Life Story of a Great Indian." His enthusiam for the book was so keen that he made four times as many drawings as we had ordered.

Then he insisted upon spending all the money we paid him, and more, to advertise the book.

We acknowledge gratefully this tribute to Frank Linderman and to Chief Plenty-coups.

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Foreign Literature

Dictatorship on Trial

PROZESS DER DIKTATUR. Die führenden Persönlichkeiten aller Länder und Parteien über das brennendste Problem der Gegenwart. Herausgegeben von OTTO FORST-BATTAGLIA. Wien: Amalthea-Verlag. 1930.

Reviewed by ROBERT DUNLOP

DEMOCRACY, we have been told on high authority, means discussion. That is the worst of it. For, there may come a time in every country when deeds and not words are wanted. Salus rei publicæ! It is in this necessity that a dictatorship is born and it is from this point of view, as it seems to us, that we ought to regard the subject, and not, as most writers in this very interesting volume do, from the standpoint of a theoretical problem as to whether a dictatorship is a good or a bad form of government. No one will suggest that the appearance of a physician in a sick chamber is a good sign. To-day, Europe is a perfect hospital. Setting aside Switzerland, Holland, and Scandinavia, there is not one country in it that is not suffering from some sort of political illness. In some of them, as in the case of England, France, and Germany, the patient, it is true, is not so ill that he may not, with a careful diet, recover by his own exertions. But what are we to say of Spain, Portugal, Italy, Jugo-Slavia, Poland, Russia, Turkey, Greece, Rumania, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, and Austria?

It would carry us too far to discuss in detail the state of affairs in all these countries separately, or to analyze the causes that have led to the establishment of a dictatorship in many of them. In general, what we in Europe are suffering from is the aftermath of the war. But for those who are interested in inquiring deeper into the matter this volume of carefully written essays by men of established reputation in the field of politics provides an admirable and opportune contribution to a clearer comprehension not merely of the nature of the dictatorship in itself, but of its working wherever it has been adopted, from the time of Sulla and Cæsar down to our own days.

To take only two countries—Russia and Italy. It is not the fault of the Amalthea-Verlag or of the editor, that the chapter on Russia has been assigned to a comparative outsider and not to one intimately associated with the Soviet government. It is perhaps just as well. We would certainly have felt less confidence in an article directly inspired by Stalin or Tschitscherin than in this by Ferdynand Ossendowski. Though by nationality a Pole, Professor Ossendowski knows Russia intimately. He has passed the greater part of his life there. He took part in the Revolution of 1905 and has suffered imprisonment and banishment to Sachalin, "the island of the damned." He knows Russian society from the highest circles down to the very dregs of the underworld. He has studied the soul of the Russian peasant and is under no illusions as to the nature of the upheaval that has turned Russia into a veritable hell on earth. He cannot trust himself to speak of the horrors he himself has witnessed, and we are thankful for his reticence. What he tells us on the authority of Maxim Gorki, "the Soviet poet and pride of the dictatorship of the proletariat," is quite enough. But he is anxious to be just. He recognizes the greatness of Lenin. He recognizes that he alone knew what he was about when he opened the flood-gates of an agrarian rising and afforded the peasant full liberty to gratify his natural propensities for robbery and destruction. Only so could the old order be swept away and the ground prepared for the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Space fails us to describe his attempt to root out the idea of God and religion, to "emancipate" woman, to free the world from the reign of intellectualism and by the destruction of capital to achieve his ideal of "the naked man on the naked earth." The dream of a madman as it seems to us. But failure though the dictatorship of the proletariat has proved Russia is no longer the same country it was when Lenin took its reformation in hand. The revolutionary plough, as Gorki puts it, has turned up the soil too deeply not to have left its mark for all time on the soul of the Russian people. Perhaps, as Professor Sarolea predicts, the day is not far distant when Russia will become politically and morally the strongest pillar of law and order, and the most determined enemy of every collectivist swindle. Let us hope so; but living as we do under the terror of the secret propaganda, that shirks at nothing to accomplish its purpose, we are afraid that the day which shall bring liberty, peace, and contentment to Russia is still far distant.

To turn now for a moment to Italy, we have here two chapters, the one by Maurice Bedel, the holder of the Goncourt prize, the other by Emilio Bodero, the rector of the University of Padua. In the former we are treated to an amusing and ironical description of Mussolini's endeavors to suppress all open manifestations of those tender feelings between man and woman, parents and children, that pass equally under the name of love. Amor has been deprived of his bow and arrows. The thing is incredible. Italy without its Romeos and Juliets, without its Horace, its Petrarch, and even its Dante! No more love scenes. No kissing on the screen or in the dark recesses of the public parks. The eyes of the Dictator are everywhere and punishment in the shape of fines awaits the offenders. Let us leave it at that. Fascist Italy is too serious to find pleasure in such trivialities. Or is it that Mussolini is a little wanting in the sense of humor?

This is one side of the question; but it is not the most important, and in Professor Bodero Fascism finds an eloquent and courageous defender. According to Professor Bodero, what chiefly characterizes Fascism is its Italianity. It has its roots in the character and history of the Italian people. It is a revolution in so far as it is a resurrection. In it, Italy has found the answer it wants to its aspirations for unity and a national life freed from every cosmopolitan and anti-Italian doctrine. Fascism has restored to Italy its psychical balance, and in Mussolini it finds the incorporation of its ideals. Mussolini is not only the man in the messianic sense of the word, he is the Italian in whom the whole nation sees its own reflection. Like Italy itself, Mussolini has long been groping in the dark. If one reads his writings before 1922, the year of his rise to power, one cannot but be struck by the crass contradictions and lack of inner connection; the working of an indomitable will has conferred a wonderful harmony and cohesion.

If we would understand what Mussolini is for Italy, we must look at the problem of the dictatorship from another angle than the usual conception of democracy. Such phrases as liberty, equality, and fraternity have no longer any validity in Italy. They have been replaced by three other words of greater ethical value—responsibility, discipline, and hierarchy, in which every individual may and must contribute his share, according to his capacity, to the welfare of the nation. This, as it seems to us, is the gist of Professor Bodero's argument, and we admit that, except for reasons the vitality of which he would refuse to recognize, it is difficult to controvert him. Fascism has many enemies, but it cannot be denied that it has given stability to Italy, increased its prestige abroad, and added to its influence in the councils of the nations. But we have already exceeded the limits at our disposal and must content ourselves with remarking that the "Prozess der Diktatur" is a book that will possess a permanent value for the student of post-war Europe.

George J. Adam, newspaperman and writer, died recently in Paris. Paris correspondent for the London *Times* and later for the New York *Herald* and the *Sun*, Mr. Adam gained fame as being the only man to interview President Wilson during the course of the Peace Conference in 1919. He is the author with his wife, Pearl Adam, of "A Book about Paris," and he recently completed "The Tiger: Georges Clemenceau," a biography of the great French statesman which is reported by the London *Observer* as a best seller in England.

Under the chairmanship of Alexander Zaimes, President of the Greek Republic, the Centenary Committee which has been organized in Athens for the commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Greek independence, has prepared an extensive program. The Delphic plays, the Greek pageant on the Acropolis representing Greece from ancient to modern times, the games in the reconstructed ancient stadium of Athens, the institution of a national Hellenic theatre, the exhibition of classic, Byzantine, and modern Greek arts, the commercial expositions—all these and many other features will focus the world's interest on the achievements of Greece and stimulate Hellenic culture.

The committee proposes a nationwide commemoration of this event in the United States with the objectives: First, of stimulating interest in Hellenic culture, and second, of bringing modern Greece to the attention of the American people.

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I am paying for this advertisement myself because

Here is the first epic of the native American

FRANK B. LINDERMAN

Not because I illustrated Frank Linderman's "AMERICAN" but only because I want this voice of a vanishing America to be heard in every school, in every library, in every home, wherever books are read, I contribute this advertisement.

* * *

I was raised in Idaho. As a boy there I learned the look and feel of Indian country. I saw many Indians and knew a few. I saw also some of the last chapters of the shameful history the white man has written in his dealings with that unspoiled race and their transformation almost overnight into what Frank Linderman calls "Montgomery-Ward Indians"

Time made me an illustrator and led me to New York. One day last autumn, a publisher who knew of my origin called up and asked, "Do you want to illustrate an Indian book?" I was interested but sceptical. I had read too many Indian books that were spurious—synthetic.

Then I read the manuscript of "AMERICAN." Under the influence of its rhythm, as insistent as the beat of an Indian drum, I knew that I would illustrate it. It had stirred me more deeply than any book I had found in ten years. I went through it six times. The making of these pictures became an exercise in humility.

* * *

This is perhaps the one period of all time in which such a book as "AMERICAN" could be written and widely read.

We have only now shaken off the spell of the dime novelist and of the land grabber whose vicious slogan was, "the only good Indian is a dead Indian."

And a few years hence there will be no man left of those few who knew the Indian as he really was.

In 1885, Frank Linderman went out to Montana to become cowboy, trapper and hunter. For more than forty years he has been a friend of the Indian tribes in that territory.

Linderman has got under the skin of the Indian. His is the first voice—I fear that it may be the last voice—that will ever be heard to speak with conviction about that whole civilization that is nearly gone now.

Linderman has published several good books before "AMERICAN." But this is an epic. It is not only his book; it is also the book of Plenty-coups, Chief of the Crow Nation, a chief great in war and in peace. Plenty-coups is now eighty-three years old. Out in Montana they say that he is clinging to life only that he may see this book—hold it in his hands, for he cannot read it—before he goes where he may "live again as men were intended to live."

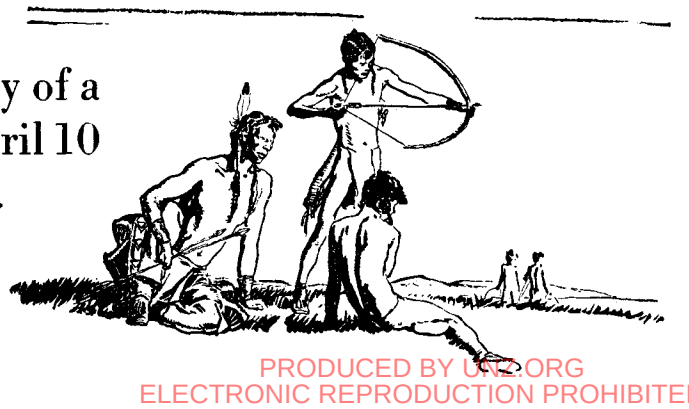
For many weeks Linderman went day after day to see Plenty-coups and draw out of him the story of his life. Mostly they spoke through interpreters; verified by sign language.

And when the tale was all told, Plenty-coups said to him:

"I am glad I have told you these things, Sign-Talker. You have felt my heart, and I have felt yours. I know you will tell only what I have said, that your writing will be straight like your tongue, and I sign your paper with my thumb so that your people and mine will know I told you the things you have written down."

H. M. Stoops
New York, March 30, 1930

"AMERICAN: The Life Story of a Great Indian." Published April 10 by THE JOHN DAY COMPANY. $3.50



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Bird-Lover's Anthology

Compiled by Clinton Scollard and Jessie B. Rittenhouse, two poets who are also bird-lovers. Miss Rittenhouse's own book of original poems, "The Secret Bird", was published on the same day. $2.00 each.

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Leon Samson in

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Points of View

Nash's "Dante"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

I was rather shocked some weeks ago to note in a review in your publication what seemed an indication that the reviewer's judgment had been affected by matter extraneous to the work under review. Mr. Carl Purington Rollins closed his account of Dr. John Henry Nash's "Dante" with the remark, "If one can overlook the pretty terrible way in which Mr. Nash announces his book—the absurd grandiloquence of his phraseology—one will find them extremely good examples of American printing."

The feeling I had at the time that Mr. Rollins was undervaluing a very fine work has been reënforced by a glimpse I have just had of a letter over Mr. Rollins's signature, in which he confesses prejudice in the following words: "I suppose in general that my objection to California printing is the same as my feeling about California fruit, California climate, and California women. They are extremely fair to look at, but when you bite into them they have no tang. I think even you, if you lived in California, would probably lose your flavor."

I have reread carefully Dr. Nash's announcement of his book, which is in itself a typographical gem. In the two brief pages which he devotes to describing the book and telling how it came into being, I find no grandiloquence, either absurd or otherwise. I find some complimentary reference to Dr. Nash's collaborators, but no more it seems to me than the occasion calls for or the proprieties demand. The tone is pleasantly personal but dignified, and only a background of irritation and dislike could have turned its pleasingly human approach into "absurd grandiloquence." Surely we do not desire that critics should demand that all writing be according to formula and that all personality be rigidly excluded.

I feel that the circumstances described are sufficient to justify one in taking exception to some of the substantive judgments of a critic even as well known as Mr. Rollins.

The ruled borders in light blue, Mr. Rollins characterizes as simple in pattern but not simple enough. They are, as a matter of fact, very simple, and they perform a necessary and useful function in balancing and regularizing the typographical irregularities of the meter form and of the marginal notes. The blue ink is subdued just enough so that they do not obtrude. I have pored over these books in an effort to come to an agreement with Mr. Rollins, but can only conclude that the borders are a point of perfection in this particular work. The other point of Mr. Rollins's criticism—the fact that Dr. Nash used vellum for binding—is a sweeping condemnation of all vellum for book binding purposes, which needs no further comment.

Nash's "Dante" is a monumental work. While Mr. Rollins has, indeed, used the expressions "superb craftsmanship," "command of tools and materials," "sumptuous in design and execution," "perfection of typesetting and press work," "workmanship really superb," I cannot help feeling that it was prejudice rather than impartial judgment that ended the review with the anticlimax that if one could overlook the announcement one would find the books "extremely good examples of American printing."

ERIC W. ALLEN.
University of Oregon.

More on Nash's "Dante"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

My attention has just recently been called to Mr. Carl Purington Rollins's review of Dr. John Henry Nash's "Dante," printed in a recent copy of your publication. Mr. Rollins closes his review with the following statement: "If one can overlook the pretty terrible way in which Mr. Nash announces his book—the absurd grandiloquence of his phraseology—one will find them extremely good examples of American printing."

I cannot restrain the impulse to write a word of protest against what I deem to be the unjust imputations of Mr. Rollins's words. Those of us who have been privileged to know Dr. Nash intimately have learned to admire his genuine nobility of character, the sincere humility of the man, as well as his superb craftsmanship as a printer. I have read several times Dr. Nash's announcement of his book and I am unable to find anything either in the announcement of his book or in the characteristics of the man that justify the unfortunate words of criticism which your reviewer used in his otherwise excellent review of Dr. Nash's "Dante."

ARNOLD BENNETT HALL.
University of Oregon.

D. H. Lawrence

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Your critical estimate of the late D. H. Lawrence contained much truth, but I take issue with Untermeyer's review of "Pansies" appearing in the same issue. The reviewer states that it is Lawrence's "conscious maleness which disturbs and threatens to pervert the artist," and quotes Virginia Woolf to the effect that great writing must come from "freedom and peace."

Nothing could be further from the truth. Great writing springs from a terrible, driving unrest. Shakespeare's tragedies mirror the tragedy of his own being, reflecting lust, hate, jealousy, etc.

Peace of self does not make a Puritan. Rather it is a chaotic self-state that drives the artist to strike at the world's wrong.

Look at Beethoven—for music and writing are blood brothers; did his polyphonies proceed from freedom and peace?

Leonardo's struggle took place on the intellectual plane but was none the less agonizing. Robinson Jeffers has endeavored to maintain a peaceful state and as a result his art has suffered. It is premeditated, conscious, cold.

Whereas D. H. L., instead of perverting his art by his lack of stability, as Mr. Untermeyer would have it, has, by it, *realized his art.* It is the heretical drive against mediocrity and mechanization that gives Lawrence's work a backbone.

Then at the last, the reviewer's most unforgivable blunder—he says "What then is significant about 'Paisies' is the new spirit that, wedged between the author's assertive vagaries, pointed to a *new Lawrence.*" Then the reviewer quotes a few petals from "pansies" which are supposed to mark the "*new Lawrence.*"

I can only infer that Mr. Untermeyer is unfamiliar with Lawrence's prose, for the quotations, which I will not bother to list, are utterly typical of what Lawrence has been preaching for nearly two decades. "Women in Love" contains them all, and oh, very much more.

D. H. Lawrence is a direct spiritual descendent of the prophets and heretics of the ages, and as such will always stand a lonely, "disintegrated" figure crying in the common wilderness.

LAWRENCE POWELL.
South Pasadena, Calif.

Available Reprints

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Mr. Nevins concludes his review of "An Autobiography of America" regretting that reprints of such Americana as Josiah Gregg's "Commerce of the Prairies" are difficult to obtain. I have recently been reading three early accounts of the far West; Manly's "Death Valley Account," Gregg's "Commerce of the Prairies," and Pike's "Southwestern Expedition," all of which are in the Lakeside Press edition, published by R. R. Donnelley and Sons, Chicago, more famous for telephone directories than for history books. The publication dates are "1927," "1926," and "1925." The books are pocket size and appear inexpensive, although I do not know their cost. This edition is not widely advertised, and it occurred to me that readers of the *Saturday Review* might appreciate this information.

CHARLES MORRIS.
Howe, Ind.

Brilliant Conversation

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

I am preparing a critical study and anthology of real conversations, both historical and contemporary, and I wonder whether any of your readers may be able to refer me to especially brilliant, amusing, or otherwise readable conversations which have been recorded and are now available in published form. Any such references will be greatly appreciated.

WALTER B. PITKIN.
Columbia University.

Mrs. T. F. W. Hickey, the author of "The Corpse in the Church," is a daughter of Canon J. O. Hannay, who has written many popular novels under the pen-name of "George A. Birmingham."

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Fiction

CAVERNS OF SUNSET. By PAUL LELAND HAWORTH. Bobbs-Merrill. 1930. $2.

This novel is in the rich traditional style of Fenimore Cooper, and is a not unworthy successor to that author's works. Mr. Haworth has been repeatedly in the regions of which he writes, and the Canadian Geographical Board has named a mountain and a waterfall for him. He causes one to feel the fresh buoyancy of the air, ride over the plains, battle the river currents, hunt the wild oxen, fight the savage Indians, and all without moving from a chair. One sees clearly the limitless Canadian prairies and mountains and rivers of two hundred years ago, when white traders first introduced the "fire water" to the not-so-noble Indian and bore off in exchange an unlimited wealth of furs. One can hear very clearly the barbaric war whoops, see a line of braves with painted bodies riding along the hills, and watch Running Antelope run the race of life and death.

The story which is merely a thin thread against this background, is of Patricia Percy, daughter of the Earl of Northumberland, who set out in the guise of a man to find her frail brother who had escaped to Canada to become a man. She joined a young fur trader, Robin Haldane, and for close to two years in the wilds maintained her disguise. The end is anticipated—that Patricia's brother has become a man of tremenduous force and that Patricia and Robin fall in love.

The style is rich, flowing, and filled with the vivid tang and color and hardships of wilderness life. It is a fine addition to the tales of the courage and resourcefulness of the early builders of this great empire.

WINDFALL'S EVE. By E. V. LUCAS. Lippincott. 1930. $2.50.

Sometimes the mind looses itself from discipline and wanders away to ramble pleasantly among trivial subjects. Free from the restraint of itself, it neither seeks conclusions nor follows any track to an end. In some mood akin to this Mr. Lucas has written "Windfall's Eve" and has produced a light and readable novel of no complexity or profundity. It has much of the charm and quality of his essays. This manner of writing at the one time is both the virtue and vice of his book. It is well suited and in harmony with the rambling of the tale but a little lacking in strength for the length of the novel. One has the feeling of starting out for a half-hour stroll on a pleasant summer day and finding it stretched to a two hour walk. Nature is still fine, but after all the half-hour walk is what one wanted and for what one was in mood. So while we follow the fortunes of Richard, the museum official, who wins the Calcutta Suite, through all the lazy incidents of his opulence, it is possible to regret the ramble does not lead us to the field of a fierce bull which would upset the placidity of contentment. However, here we have Mrs. Candover, Richard's friend, who helps him utilize his riches and brings him to France for a holiday, Richard's nephew Vivian, who wants to marry an actress. Richard's niece Dorothy, who is not doing too well in London business—more too, of course, but all amiable, all with their good points. No use to say more about the story. A ramble has no objective. It ends with the same faint impulse that began it. As a companion Mr. Lucas is full of charm. One can imagine few so agreeable. But the reviewer, speaking for himself, is a little regretful something akin to the fierce bull in a field had not been met. It would have made "Windfall's Eve" so much better remembered.

HARM'S WAY. By ROBERTS TAPLEY. Knopf. 1930. $2.50.

Superficially "Harm's Way" is another satire upon money-mad America. During the greater part of the book its hero, Richard Annesley, edits the house organ of a large firm; he spreads sweetness and light among the wage-slaves by means of little paragraphs and poems about miles of smiles and pep and punch and the best policy. The author takes full advantage of his opportunity to make fun of the whole organization, and in addition there are brief glimpses of other scenes that show us that Richard's expulsion from college and the death of his father, were ultimately caused by questions of money. All the satire, from the pseudo-collegiate loyalty to the Dear Old Concern to the inspired utterances of a United States president called Hardacre, is excellent fun, though perhaps too broad to be really penetrating.

The trouble with the books is that the author has other ambitions for it. He wants it to be a soul's tragedy, to portray the ruin of young idealism by this soulless country. His difficulty is that he has made all the hypocrisy and greed so obvious that it is incredible that a young man of any intelligence could be taken in as Richard is. Mr. Tapley himself seems to feel this; he makes much use of the figure of a train, which may be carrying one to disaster, but from which it is certain disaster to throw oneself, and he tries to involve Richard in circumstances; but the circumstances are slight, after all, and besides, one objects not so much to Richard's editing the "Busy B" as to his being taken in for a moment by the professions of commercial morality Mr. Tapley has made so hopelessly hollow. Mr. Tapley has set himself an awkward dilemma: what he adds to the breadth of his satire is taken from the depth of his tragedy, and conversely. Half the book can be recommended to readers who are still amused by the simple humors of lodge conventions; the more serious half simply does not carry conviction.

TOUCHSTONE. By BEN AMES WILLIAMS. Dutton. 1930. $2.50.

Mr. Williams has conceived a striking situation for the basis of his new novel. He shows at the beginning an ideally happy family: a devoted husband and wife, and twin sons, very dissimiliar, but alike idolized by their parents, and alike adoring them in return. When the boys are in their last year at college, their father learns from a dying hospital nurse that one of his children died at birth; one of the sons he calls his is a stranger, but she does not know which.

This revelation might, or might not, have a great effect. The importance of the family is less now than it ever was; heredity is less dear to our psychologists, and the *voix du sang* to our authors than to those of the last century: to most families bound together by twenty years' love, such a disclosure would be disturbing, but not overwhelming. But given certain conservative, sensitive, exigent characters (which by implication Mr. Williams promises when he embarks on the undertaking) and the psychological possibilities are great.

Mr. Williams, one is sorry to say, has taken advantage of almost none of them. His people take the affair hard enough; the mother for a time becomes an invalid; but of all the complex emotions, the doubts, the stifled jealousies, the struggles for sanity, that one might imagine, there is no analysis to speak of. The family are continually wincing at casual reminders of their secret, but one never gets below the surface of their suffering.

The treatment is at once too heavy and too light. The black-and-white contrast of the hare-and-tortoise twins, the starring of the favorite son as the Fortunate Youth who never comes to a good end, the repeated indications that a certain hill is dangerous for automobiles, lack the subtlety with which such a problem should be treated. On the other hand, the gay young blade who calls his mother "Child" and publicly kisses all the girls at a party, *l'une après l'une*, and the married lovers who call each other "Lad" and "Lady," are all very well for a frothy romance, but out of place in a book that begins with a painful problem and ends with a suicide.

THE FIERY DIVE, AND OTHER STORIES. By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. Harcourt, Brace. 1930. $2.50.

Mr. Armstrong is primarily an author of ideas. He likes to take a cryptic motto from Blake and illustrate it in a story, or to expand a brief report of a century-old court-martial, deducing character from action and appearance from character, till he has conjured up the crime as well as the trial. One idea in particular interests him, the struggle between love and morality. That was the theme of his novel, "The Sleeping Fury," and is the theme of all but one of the stories in the present book. The victory over convention may be as slight as in "Portrait of the Misses Harlowe," where it is a marriage outside the heroine's class, or as extraordinary as in "The Widow of Ephesus," in which the inconsolable widow who has devoted her life to watching her husband's grave rifles that grave to help her new lover, but the opposed forces are essentially the same.

It must not be thought that the stories

(*Continued on next page*)

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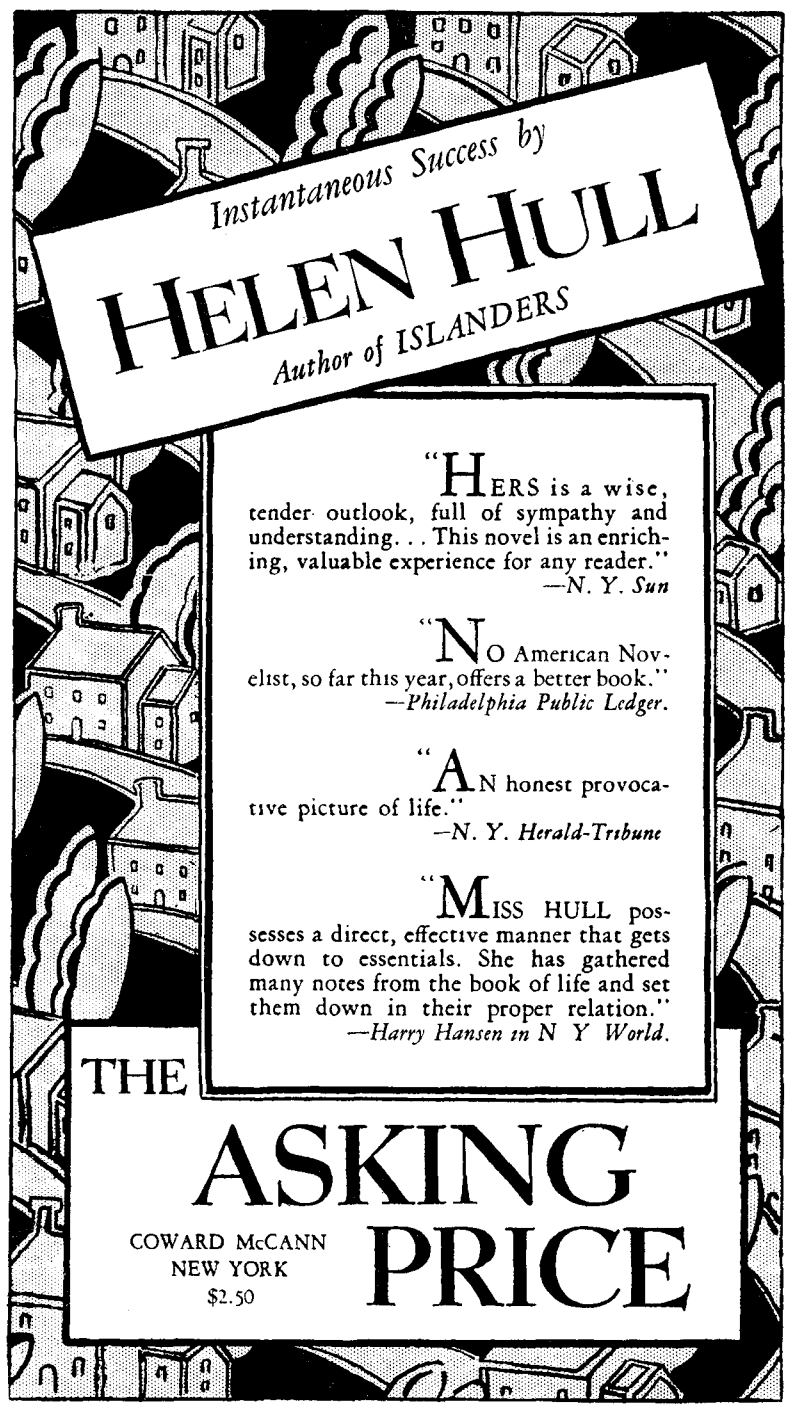
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The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 83. A First Prize of ten dollars and a Second Prize of five dollars are offered for the best short poems in the lyrical manner of Mr. Robert Frost. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of April 21.)

Competition No. 84. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most amusing Serious Dialogue with the Devil. (Entries may be in prose—not exceeding 400 words—or verse—40 lines, but must in either case reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of May 5.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

THE SEVENTY-NINTH COMPETITION

The prize for the best short rhymed poem in the manner of Herrick—"To Julia (1930) Not to bob her hair," has been awarded to Helen Gray.

THE PRIZE POEM

TO JULIA (1930)

NOT TO BOB HER HAIR

MY Julia, reap not, I entreat,
That rippling gold like ripen'd wheat;
Why should sad Autumn's stubble show
On that bright head, presaging snow?

Time flies, and Fashion faster flies;
To watch her whims methinks't were wise.
Sylvia and choice Corinna now
Wear lengthen'd locks, and why not thou?

Wouldst in thy liquid mirror see
Boy Hylas, though more fair than he?
Rather let Cyprian Venus there
Spread in soft waves her floating hair.

HELEN GRAY.

Once more a very large number of entries. Even after several stringent weedings more than thirty remained from which the winner had to be chosen. Nobody really approached Helen Gray whose skill in catching the mood and manner of her originals has been illustrated many times these past few months. But there were other excellent entries nevertheless, notably by Homer Parsons (who however erred in choosing the [for the subject] unlikely meter of "Her eyes the glowworm lend thee), Harold Varian, Baldwin, Bert Leach

—When thy bosom, like thin snow
On a mound where violets grow
Faintly colors like the blue
Of the blossoms shining through—

Marcella Moore, Arjeh, Claudius Jones, Helene Claiborne, E. O. Jackson, Dalnar Devening, and W. F. Barnard. The last offered two entries both of which stressed the 1930 very prettily.

Be wise, my dear: a water wave,
A rippling soft marcel,
Were far more fetching on long locks,
And could be shaped as well
As on the scanty wisps which prove
Love's arts have gone to Hell.

But this, like many another, might have come from one of the Cavalier poets as easily as from Herrick. Anne W. Carpenter excelled in one stanza—

Venus owes it, who on thee
Sealed her prime of artistry
By those gilded waves of sheen
Hyacinthed with brilliantine.

I liked, too, Marcella Moore's "wild Niagara of thy hair," and Corinne Swain's

Tho slenderer maids in scant attire
Slighting the charms that men admire
Shear off their bright abundant locks
They look, poor girls, like laughing stocks

as well as Lucile Runestrand's

When I did make a prayer
For just one lock I meant not all thy hair.

But none of these caught the fancifulness of language and of idea so simultaneously as the winner. There may be something in H. A. Monsell's suggestion that Herrick would really have said "By all means, Julia, my dear, go and bob it."

We print one poem, held over from a previous competition—

"LOCKSLEY HALL, 1929"

Fellows, leave me here a moment,
for I long to be alone;
Leave me here and when I want you
I will toot my saxophone.

Here's the place—I'd cut my classes
just to wander on the beach,
I had turned my back on Science and
behold! I faced a peach.

In the Spring the college student puts
his coonskin coat in hock;
In the Spring the blythe bootlegger
brews new "aged and bonded"
stock;

In the Spring the errant head cold
runs its customary course;
In the Spring the young wife's fancy
lightly dallies with divorce.

Here we strolled beside the breakers,
here we lolled upon the shore,
And her backless suit showed plainly
twenty vertebrae or more.

Sunburn comes, but true tan lingers.
Soon, with back and shoulders
red—
Long before my tale I'd finished—for
cosmetics she had fled.

And I never saw her after though I
came back day by day,
For the gentle pangs of dalliance put-
ting things of mind away.

Lack of sleep—for crossed love sleeps
not—gave me vision as a seer
And I looked into the future search-
ing for light wines and beer.

Pierced the veil that hides the wonders
of the nations of the world;
Tossed my brain into the future like
a baseball swiftly hurled.

But I failed to find the answer that
my brain forever sought:
When's the time to take a profit?
When should further shares be
bought?

Till the sense that men call common
put the matter straight and neat:
"Better five per cent and safety than
a shearing in The Street."

Long I looked upon the cities; long
I looked on cultured lands;
Much I studied pale brain workers
and the men who toiled with
hands.

Tell me truly, which is better,—take
a job and eat at Childs
Or to howl with voodoo warlocks
while the tom-toms shake the
wilds?

Oh, forget it! Time is flying and no
summer love is worth
All the trouble of condemning every
ill that plagues the earth.

So I snap my fingers lightly. What
to me are summer blondes?
I will finish up at college, change
the world or else—sell bonds!

DALNAR DEVENING.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature,* 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

lack variety. Every one has its own mood: one is an idyll of happiness, others tragedies of rejection or jealousy, another a drama of sinful love; and the settings and characters are as varied as the plots. But they all show different aspects of the same philosophy: that the experience that most benefits the soul is love, whether or not it is called sinful; that one must be free and leave others free; that the two sins are not taking and not letting go. These beliefs pervade the book, giving it a unity of interest not often found in collections of short stories. After reading it, one looks at once for some one with whom one can discuss its system of ideas; for this has an unusual interest from being so dominated by the intellect and so completely based on the passions.

The style shows the same fascinating combination of qualities; it is singularly clear and restrained, almost, it seems, cold; but the lucid sentences cover an intensity of emotion that reminds one of Byron's simile of the fiery spirit at the heart of frozen champagne.

THE THISTLES OF THE BARAGAN. By PANAIT ISTRATI. Vanguard. 1930. $2.50.

Never was a title more aptly conceived. The thistle is the perfect symbol for this

"WHO IS ANNE GREEN?"

see . . .
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autobiographical narrative of peasant life. The book is dedicated to the "11,000 sons murdered by the Rumanian Government" during the Revolution of 1907. The author was a boy of fourteen when the tragedy occurred. Attacked from beneath by nature's destructive forces, and oppressed from above by a monarchy's cruel indifference, the peasants were soon driven to crime. "We all sank deep into that brutish wretchedness which is the life of the Rumanian peasant. . . . These women and children were but bundles of mud-soaked rags, great clods of earth panting under the action of useless hearts." They knew full well that the martial machinery of the government would wipe them off the earth, but such a fate was comparatively merciful.

Istrati's boyhood was saturated with the stink of salt fish. It was his only food, his landscape, and his work. His father, who lost his life in the uprising, was "a wistful, dreamy man who forgot his own name as he blew into his flute." The thistles of the Baragan, blown west each year by the dreaded winds from Russia, were his only playthings. They finally enticed him and a companion along with them on their will-o'-the-wisp journey. What the boys saw and endured when finally caught in the village revolt and devastation is told with such vivid penetration that the reader himself is pricked to the bone by a thousand thistles. There are many fine passages in the book. One of these describes a wedding: "Only the oxen, like the married people, took no part in the joys of the reaping. Indifferent, they chewed the end of the same dry stalk in the same melancholy as they waited to be yoked."

Istrati is justly called the Gorki of the Balkans. He writes with a wild, poetic beauty, profound character, and a delicious peasant whimsy. The grim, black destiny that winds through the pages carries the earmarks of truth born of suffering. And indeed, the thistles had pricked such a scar into the author that eight years ago he attempted suicide in the streets of Lyons, France. He was picked up with a letter to Romain Rolland in his pockets, and this letter has furnished a dramatic beginning to a friendship which obviously served as a turning-point in the life of the Rumanian refugee.

His is a book which one cannot read too often.

EARTHENWARE. By *Murrell Edmonds*. Lynchburg, Va.: Little Bookshop.

GREEN TIMBER. By *James Oliver Curwood*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

SECRET PLACES. By *Joan Sutherland*. Harpers. $2.

THE GATE OF LIFE. By *Reuben Nordsten*. Four Seas. $2.

History

THE LOYALISTS IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By C. H. VAN TYNE. New York: Peter Smith. 1929. $5.

A DIARY FROM DIXIE. By MARY BOYKIN CHESTNUT. The same.

These reprints of two valuable historical works deserve to be called to the attention of every student of history. After nearly thirty years, Dr. Van Tyne's book remains the standard treatment of loyalism; and though such histories as Schlesinger's "Colonial Merchants" and such biographies as Gipson's "Jared Ingersoll" have thrown new light on the subject, not a great deal needs to be added to what he wrote in 1902. The time has long since passed, thanks partly to Dr. Van Tyne's work, thanks in part to such earlier writers as Moses Coit Tyler, when any competent historian could doubt that the Tories were just as honest as the Whigs. For a century they were the targets of general abuse. But it is everywhere recognized now that their arguments were strong, that their motives were for the most part high, and that their devoted conduct was often heroic. They included some of the very best elements in the American colonies. In several colonies, notably Georgia and South Carolina, they were in a decided majority, and in Pennsylvania and New York they comprised fully half of the population. Dr. Van Tyne's study of their ideas, their attempts to support the union with Great Britain, their activities when war began, and their sufferings when the Whigs gained the ascendancy, ending in exile *en masse*, should be easily available to every student of the American Revolution, and the republication of his book is timely.

Mrs. Chesnut's diary has always held a place of its own in the literature of the Confederacy. The wartime reminiscences of Susan Dabney Smedes and Mrs. Pryor lack the freshness and immediacy of Mrs. Chesnut's day to day record. Moreover,

(*Continued on next page*)

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THE PARTY DRESS

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The New Books

History

(*Continued from preceding page*)

she was in the very midst of the struggle, acquainted with some of its greatest figures. She was in Montgomery when the Confederacy was organized, sat on sofas with Davis and Stephens, and chatted in parlors with Toombs, Cobb, and Hunter; she was in Charleston when war began, watching the bombardment of Fort Sumter from a housetop; and during the grimmest years of the struggle she was in Richmond. She tells us of the criticism of Jefferson Davis, the dissensions among Southern leaders, the panic in Richmond before the Seven Days shook off McClellan's threat, the relations between whites and negroes, the sufferings caused by the blockade, and the despair that slowly settled down upon the hard-pressed South. Her information varies from measures of state to the love affairs of General Hood, from talk with General Lee or General Joe Johnston to the price of groceries. It is an invaluable work, especially for those interested in social conditions and public opinion.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES DURING THE ADMINISTRATION OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. By *Henry Adams*. A. & C. Boni. 2 vols. $5.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES DURING THE ADMISTRATION OF JAMES MADISON. By *Henry Adams*. A. & C. Boni. 2 vols. $5.

BRITISH OPINION AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By *Dora Mae Clark*. Yale University Press. $3.

International

THE UNITY OF THE WORLD. By GUGIELMO FERRERO. Boni. 1930.

Many famous men have essayed discussions on that universal civilization which "tomorrow" may dominate the earth. It must be admitted that such efforts generally accomplish little.

The famous Italian historian does not fare so badly, however, as one might suppose. He begins on an optimistic vein, espousing the older conclusions of Lammenais, the dreams of Renan, and the contemporary ideals of M. Lucien Romier. Lack of "obedience" means the negation of imperialism; republicanism raises a weapon against "foreign influence." So far, very good. He does not favor superimposed languages, censorship of morals, or "prohibition." For him freedom of the seas is imperative: political integrity impossible. We follow more vaguely.

Americanization and standardization mean the sacrifice of the middle classes. But he favors both, and sees in capitalism no Delphic oracle of the modern world. At the end he becomes an individualist and prays for the attainment of political and intellectual liberty.

It is odd that such an optimist should admit component doctrines of the Spenglerian school, which advocates the necessity of inner political ordainers treating class antagonisms in such a way that public opinion can not be fixed on party struggles and that rebellion against state laws may not have to be regarded as *ultima ratio*.

Travel

MAN HUNTING IN THE JUNGLE. By G. W. DYOTT. Bobbs-Merrill. 1929. $5.

Colonel Fawcett with his son and a young friend went to Brazil in 1925, backed up by the Royal Geographical Society of London, for the purpose of searching in the unexplored regions of central Brazil for an answer to the riddle of the Lost Atlantis. He was a man of vast experiences in the tropics, who had been employed on different border surveys, and had a peculiar knack of getting along with wild peoples. He always traveled very light, and counted upon his ability for ingratiating himself with the native, rather than on any protection which might be afforded by fire arms and force.

The territory toward which Colonel Fawcett headed was known to present grave danger from savage man and hostile jungle. Those who knew him personally had great confidence in his ability to surmount these difficulties, and as the months ran into years and still no news of the expedition was forthcoming, they continued to believe that the party would eventually emerge successfully. Indeed, even at the present day there are some people who believe that Colonel Fawcett is still alive and either held captive, or else is in such a remote district that he is unable to find means of reaching the outer world.

This latter theory does not seem tenable to the unbiased observer possessing a certain amount of knowledge of the country. Commander Dyott is of the opinion that the whole party was slaughtered, and he appears to have as great evidence of this fact as can be secured by anyone without seeing the actual remains of the explorers. He saw various of their belongings in the possession of the Indians, and was told that he would be taken to the spot where the massacre took place. This promise was not carried out owing to an unfortunate combination of circumstances, and Commander Dyott's own party only escaped tragedy by the narrowest of margins.

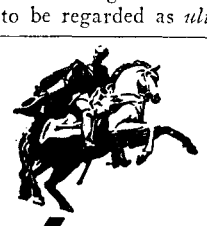
The author might well have devoted a chapter to a more detailed account of Colonel Fawcett's career and his qualifications for undertaking the expedition. The publisher's "blurb" in describing it as "Fawcett's Mad Drama" is overstepping the premises. Colonel Fawcett was very secretive on many points, but the fact that the Royal Geographical Society was the backer of the expedition should certainly lift it out of the category above referred to.

It would have been difficult to find any man better equipped to search for the expedition than Commander Dyott. He has led many expeditions to South America, and knows the vast unknown hinterland of the Amazon basin as well, if not better, than any man living. His photographic work is unsurpassed and those who have read his previous books know how interestingly he writes.

SHANTY-BOAT. By *Kent* and *Margaret Lighty*. Century. $3.50.

MY EUROPEAN EXCURSIONS. By *Edwin Robert Petre*. New York: Institute of Foreign Travel.

SEE CHINA WITH ME. By *Jane A. Tracy*. Stratford. $3.



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THE ADVERTISING PARADE. An Anthology of Good Advertisements. Published in 1928. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930.

THIS large volume is a record of "exceptionally good advertisements published in standard types of American" magazines during 1928. A committee made up of Mr. Durstine, Mr. Streeter, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Weaver, all men well known and experienced in the advertising field, examined many thousand advertisements, and from them selected the hundred and fifty which are included in this book. A system of scoring for points was adopted, and each advertisement was marked accordingly.

It is a little difficult to understand the enthusiasm of the professional advertising agent for his ever-changing and illusory task. Of course advertising has become ritualistic, and its high priests are adepts. The naïve notion that man exists to *buy* is at the basis of the new religion. Says the introduction to this book: "Knowledge of the public and how to influence it to buy goods through the medium of print and pictures is rapidly reaching a point of crystallization. Advertising, while necessarily always flexible, is being reduced to an exact science with a carefully indexed set of appeals and standardized markets, investigated to the most minute cross-section." On the whole, I think that advertising is the most dreary of all the pseudo-sciences. Its bunkum is so blatant, its values so inverted, its chronic myopia for essential truth and falsehood, its purely transitory value, and its emphasis on all that is least valuable and important in goods and chattels, make it at its very best a dubious calling.

As examples of ingenuity and intended seductive appeal, the pages of this book are intended to be, and apparently are, representative of the best which America has to offer. All the old familiar friends of the advertising sections of our magazines are here. The neophyte in advertising can use it as a text book.

THE TYPOGRAPHY OF NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS. By FRANCIS MEYNELL. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. 1929.

ALL that can be said of newspaper advertising can be said in a few words, and would be to this effect: There has been no thoroughly acceptable newspaper advertising since the eighteenth century, when all advertising was set in the same type as the other matter therein. Modern newspaper advertising *in situ* is a wild jumble of fighting elements. These separate elements are better or worse taken by themselves, and some of the advertisements in the back of Mr. Meynell's book are not bad examples of typography. But in general all that is said above with respect to American advertising holds good (though details of criticism may be different) for British advertising. It is all dreary stuff—especially when cold.

This book has value, however, just in proportion to its division of space: Mr. Meynell's treatment of the subject of typography is of importance because there are many wise remarks in it applicable to type setting in general. Where he treats of the philosophy of typography he is sound and should be read.

There are also many pages of type specimens, good type for the most part, and interestingly displayed. I don't quite see the necessity for such an elaboration of the compositor's repertory, but if it had to be done, it has been done effectively because it is a collection of the less familiar type faces.

R.

The Colophon

THE COLOPHON. A Book Collectors' Quarterly. New York. 1930.

THE COLOPHON takes its place alongside such magazines of the past as *The Century Guild Hobby Horse*, *The Knight Errant*, *Bradley his Book*, *Modern Art*, and *The Fleuron*. That is, it endeavors to wed sense and sensibility in publishing, and it is a worthy fellow of those treasured items.

My colleague, Mr. Troxell, has spoken of the interest of the contents, which can, I think, be truthfully called literary. My part in the welcoming celebration is to comment on the typographic results of the plan. And the plan was—and is—an unusual and interesting one: to bring together in the same cover a variety of entertaining matter printed in different ways by printers who were allowed, within the scope of the magazine's size, to exercise their own discretion as to type and paper and arrangement of material. What has been accomplished is not negligible.

It is obvious that much of the virility of American printing is to be found in the advertising field. In that nervous arena that which is most novel and bizarre usually is acclaimed the victor. So in allowing printers who, for the most part, are busy with "printing for commerce" to undertake the printing of more serious matter, the publishers of the *Colophon* were running the chance that the printed forms would be a sort of glorified advertising. It is therefore with much satisfaction that one notes that on the whole there has been an admirable restraint in all of the work done. The infusion into well-tried methods, of the newer arrangements and type faces has served to do just what ought to be done—lend a note of freshness and variety to what might otherwise have been a dull magazine.

The *Colophon* represents that group idea which is part of the American scheme of things. One may like it or not, one may feel that he cannot do his best work in such a mass-action, but for better or worse it represents our present mood. If the *Colophon* lacks the serenity of a perfectly printed magazine done by one hand, it offers its readers that relief from monotony which America demands.

As to details. It is unfortunate that the standardization of paper sizes which we boast of has made it necessary to use papers which pretty consistently should not be folded the way they are folded in this book. The deckle should not be at the bottom of the page (unless also at the side), the chain marks should run up and down the page and not across it, and, a result of these troubles, the grain should not run across the leaves. These are items of good bookmaking which cannot safely be overlooked.

The cover design is not good: it smacks too much of the comic supplement for so good a magazine as the *Colophon* or so good an artist as Mr. Wilson. In fact the more I see that cover the more annoyed with it I am. I have just one more criticism: the colophons at the end of each essay are, as Mr. Rogers would say, rather too colophony. A more conservative and ritualistic treatment would have been better.

Appearing close on the suicide of the *Fleuron*, the *Colophon* ought to be a useful, as it has already proved itself an attractive, addition to our meager supply of periodicals on and about books.

R.

THE original manuscript town journal and official account book of San Francisco, in the handwriting of its first treasurer, William A. Leidesdorff, was included in an auction which took place recently at the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries.

The sale was made up of colored views, lithographs, oil paintings, drawings, maps, etc., relating to the pioneer days of the Far West and dealing largely with the State of California. In this town journal, the first financial record of San Francisco by an elected treasurer, the entries are from Oct. 7, 1847, to May 2, 1848, ending with the death of the treasurer a few days before the gold rush began.

The original impression of one of the rarest lithographs of San Francisco in 1846-7, then Yerba Buena, before the discovery of gold and the first etching of San Francisco, made in 1855, are also in the collection.

In the same catalogue are a series of early American almanacs dating from 1718 to

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1796, of New England origin, the majority Boston.

Among the lithographs is the rare "California and Oregon Stage," San Francisco, 1872-5; the clipper ship *Flying Cloud*, dated 1852; the clipper ship *Warhawk* at sea, by G. J. Denny, 1880, and a colored lithograph view of Sutter's mill, where gold was first discovered in California.

Auction Sales Calendar

SOTHEBY AND COMPANY, London. April 14th—17th inclusive: Printed Books, Literary and Mediæval Manuscripts, and Autograph Letters, the property of Sir Francis Astley Corbett, Bt., the late Bickford Coham Fleming, Lt.-Col. R. J. Roddam, Lt.-Col. P de Fonblanque, and of other owners. One of the more interesting sales of the year, particularly notable for the number of unusual items. There are: several incunabula including Saint Jerome's "Epistolæ," volume one only [Rome, Ulrich Han, after 31 Mar. 1466], the second edition of Guillaume Gorris "Scotus pauperum" [Toulouse, Heinrich Mayer, c. 1487], not found in Hain, Copinger, Reichling, or Proctor; a sixteenth century Italian manuscript chart of the Mediterranean, Ægean, and part of the Black Seas; a late fifteenth century Flemish "Horæ B.V.M.," another of the sixteenth century, as well as a French one of the same period; J. H. van Linschoten "Discourse of voyages into the Easte and West Indies," London [1598]; Crimston's translation of Acosta's "Naturall and Morall Historie of the East and West Indies," London, 1604; John Asplund's "Annual Register of the Baptist Denomination in North America; to the first of November 1730," [Philadedphia, 1792]; Jane Austen's "Sense and Sensibility," London, 1811, in original boards, uncut, with paper labels, "Northanger Abbey and Persuasion," 1818, also in original boards, uncut, ("Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," and "Emma," also first editions, have been rebound in half calf); Barnabee Barnes "Foure Bookes of Offices," London, 1606; Mr. W. Muir's own copies, with his remarks, of his facsimiles of William Blake's books; Andrew Boorde "Breviary of Helthe, for all manner of syckenesses," London, 1547, not recorded in the S.T.C., and apparently the only copy known; John Bradford's "Copye of a letter . . . to the Erles of Arundel, Darbie, Shrewsbury, & Penbroke," no place, printer, or date [c. 1555]; Nicholas Breton's "Merrie Dialogue betwixt the taker and mistaker," London, 1603; William Browne "Britannia's Pastoral," London, 1613-1616; a presentation copy of her "Poems," London, 1844, from Elizabeth Barrett Browning to B. R. Haydon, and a series of 18 autograph letters from her to him; John Bunyan's "Life and death of Mr. Badman," London, 1680, and an imperfect copy of the first edition of the Second Part of "The Pilgrim's Progress," London, 1684; Fanny Burney "Evelina," London, 1778, original boards, paper back-strips, entirely uncut (it is extraordinary to read the catalogue description which gives all the stains, tiny holes of various kinds, and other minor imperfections with an attention to detail that might with profit be studied by several American dealers); Lord Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," cantos 1—4, London, 1812-1818; Combe's "Tours of Dr. Syntax"; Charles I's "Commission and Further Declaration: concerning the reparation of Saint Paul's Church," London, 1633; John Dee's "General and rare Memorials pertayning to the perfect Arte of Navigation," London, 1577; apparently the only known copy of T. D.'s translation from Bonaventure des Périers, called "The Mirrour of Mirth and pleasant Conceits," London, 1592; a copy of the 1865 "Alice"; John Eliot's "Indian Grammar begun," Cambridge, Mass., 1666; the novels of Henry Fielding; W. Fleetwood "The effect of the declaration made in the Guildhall," London, 1571; three copies of "The Vicar of Wakefield," Salisbury, 1766; Mrs. Vesey's copy of "Odes by Mr. Gray," Printed at Strawberry-Hill, 1757; Robert Greene's "Neuer [too late.] Both [parts] Sent to all youthful [Gentlemen]," London, 1602, apparently an unrecorded edition; A. E. Housman's "A Shropshire Lad," 1896; James I. "A Publication of his Maties Edict and Severe Censures against Private Combats," 1613; Dr. Johnson "The Vanity of Human Wishes," 1749, two copies; Keats's "Endymion," 1818; a presentation copy of Charles Kingsley's "The Heroes; or Greek Fairy Tales," Cambridge, 1856. G. M. T.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

WE have been betrayed. Gossip, it seems, spoke false when it said the other day that *Siegfried Sassoon* was the author of "Her Privates We," or "Holocaust," as Putnams call the book in this country. New advices from England assert that the modest person who shrinks behind the designation "Private 19022" on the title-page is *Frederick Manning*, an author little known in America at least, though he has five books of distinguished quality to his credit. Mr. Manning served in the Shropshires as a private throughout the war and since its conclusion has been living and writing near Vienna. According to report, he absolutely refused to write the book his publisher and friend, *Peter Davies*, was clamoring for unless he might use the vocabulary of the soldier without restraint, a proceeding apparently forbidden by English law. To get around the difficulty, a limited, unexpurgated edition of "Her Privates We" was issued. *Colonel Lawrence*, the Lawrence of Arabia, seems to have been the only person to have recognized the identity of its author. Well, we don't think that's so remarkable since the Colonel (we make our apologies—Private Shaw) says he had read Mr. Manning's earlier book, "Scenes and Portraits," fifty times. It seems to us anyone who reads a book half a hundred times (unless it be of the greatest) must be so obsessed by it as to have no room on his horizon for any but the figure of its author. . . .

There is a new book by *H. G. Wells* in the offing, but still fairly distant. Doubleday, Doran are planning to publish it, we believe, in June. It is entitled "The Autocracy of Mr. Parham," and it recounts "the remarkable adventures in this changing world" of the gentleman of the title who "was a lifelong student and exponent of history and philosophy." We like the way Mr. Wells opens his book by precipitating us into the dilemma of the hero, who is extremely coy about accepting the invitation of a certain Sir Bussy Woodcock to a séance and yet even more reluctant to fall out of touch with the latter. Sir Bussy, it seems, "was one of those crude plutocrats with whom men of commanding intelligence, if they have the slightest ambition to be more than lookers-on at the spectacle of life, are obliged to associate nowadays. . . . He was a short, ruddy, freckled man with a nose sculptured in the abrupt modern style and a mouth like a careless gash; he was thickset, a thing irritating in itself to an associate of long, slender lines, and he moved with an impulsive rapidity of movement which was startling often and testified always to a total lack of such inhibitions as are inseparable from a cultivated mind." But we must be mad. We are not even supposed, perhaps, to be mentioning this book, and here we are heedlessly quoting from the advance copy we are sworn to protect zealously from the eyes of the public. Well, we think the publishers will forgive us. "Meantersay?" as Mr. Bussy would inquire. That they won't mind our whetting your appetite for their book in advance. . . .

Who is *Anne Green?* Dutton says everybody is inquiring. It appears that she is the sister of *Julian Green*, and that her novel, "The Selbys," is to be published next week. Also she is the cousin of *John Macrae, Jr.*, vice-president of the publishing house that is to bring it out. We think if you know the latter (Mr. Macrae, not Dutton's, we mean) and look at the picture of the former, you will see a resemblance between them. . . .

We haven't read Anne Green's novel yet, but we've been dipping into the volume by her brother which Harpers have just issued. "Christine" is a collection of five fairly long short stories, thoroughly characteristic of the macabre talent of their author. They play on the borderland of the supernatural, and one at least, "The Pilgrim on the Earth," is concerned with that theme which seems to have so strong a fascination for Mr. Green, the tragedy of thwarted youth. Julian Green's books make painful reading, but there is no gainsaying their power. . . .

The first new book of poems to come from *Sara Teasdale* in several years will be published in the early fall by the Macmillan Company, under the title "Stars To-Night." It is intended primarily for children, and is to be illustrated by *Dorothy Lathrop*, who has made an enviable reputation by her decorations for other works for juvenile readers. . . .

Poetry reminds us that the sturdy band which meets annually to do homage to the memory of *Walt Whitman* is to foregather at the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia on Thursday, May first. *Robert Norwood* of St. Bartholomew's Church is to be the speaker of the occasion, and *Roy Helton* will read aloud. Devotees may attend by sending $2.50 for a ticket to the Bellevue-Stratford or to the Whitman house in Camden, New Jersey. Walt, who said, "I swear I think there is nothing but immortality!" certainly would seem to be getting something of it in this perpetuation of his fame by his followers. . . .

A melancholy situation is about to be remedied. It seems that the Presidents of the United States have in the past had nothing to read in the White House except such books as they took with them when they were installed. Just imagine the misery of a rainy night, when the nation's executive, stretched out at slippered ease before an open fire, summoned one of his minions to bring him a detective story only to be told, "But, Mr. President, we have nothing but 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue,' which you brought with you and which you know almost by heart." Oh, woe! But such unhappiness need no longer be. Henceforth Sherlock Holmes and some twenty-five other detectives of fiction will populate the White House shelves. The American Booksellers' Association has arranged to present to the White House a list of volumes including fiction, biography, history, travel, drama, poetry, and *belles lettres*, as well as a group of children's books (provided against the possible visit of a grandchild). *Alice Roosevelt Longworth* and *Douglas S. Watson*, father-in-law of *President Hoover*, are among those who have been helping Mr. *Frederic Melcher* select the volumes. Well, we hope they are not going to break down the habit of work of our Presidents. It would be too bad to have the nation's business held up by the perusal of a novel. . . .

Talking of libraries reminds us of the magnificent collection of the Vatican. The librarian, it seems, has installed the American card index system, having some time ago gone to Cleveland, Ohio, to visit Miss *Eastman*, of the public library, preparatory to adopting it. The work of cataloguing the invaluable contents of the Vatican shelves will be a matter of years, but it is going on apace. . . .

At last we have got on the track of a book which we noticed some time ago that the English papers were mentioning with approval. It is "The Black Door," by *Virgil Markham*, and Alfred A. Knopf is to publish it this week. We can't tell you much about the novel because all our inquiries as to who was to issue it in America have until now met with no success, and so we haven't been able to wangle an advance copy out of anyone. Knopf is in the act of sending another book to press which ought to be of special interest just now when the recent death of *Cosima Wagner* has brought that figure, once so steadily in the public eye, again to the fore. It is a story of Cosima's life by Count *Richard du Molin Echart*, a two-volume work translated from the German, and based upon her letters and diaries, most of which have never been published before. . . .

What kind of a brainstorm have we been having to forget to mention the fact that *John Erskine's* new novel, "Uncle Sam: In the Eyes of His Family," has just been published by Bobbs-Merrill? Now there's a book that is intended to be symbolical, but that's yet a perfectly good story if you don't get the symbolism. Symbolical of what? Ah, that's telling. Read it, and you'll find out. . . .

We have heard from the *Phœnician*, not, to be sure, so that *you* would know it, but still we have heard. He has cabled us: "Abject apologies; terrifically busy," and let it go at that. Well, he's on the high seas now, we think, and we hope Neptune will visit him with seasickness for his sins. But then, we suppose that if we had been in England, "now that April's there," we should no more have sent over literary gossip to America than he has. So may he after all ride the seas in peace and comfort. . . .

Until his return,

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

W. L. K. Lesterville, South Dakota, asks who has written the best ending to "Edwin Drood."

WHEN I told a famous Dickensian in London, some years since, that I was on my way to Rochester to go over the ground and up the tower and down into the crypt, in the hope that somewhere I might pick up a clue hitherto overlooked, he showed something not far from resentment. This story, he inferred, was not meant to be finished. Something not unlike impiety seemed to him to attach to such an endeavor. It was, I think, the sort of feeling that makes us hold back as long as possible from reaching the solution of a detective story—not only to spin out our enjoyment but because the solution is always a let-down and something of a disappointment. Here we have the one detective story in which no disappointment is possible. Why spoil it?

Nevertheless many have tried. The first was an American, "Orpheus C. Kerr," who in the very year of Dickens's death brought out a burlesque, "The Cloven Foot," in which, by the way, Edwin returns. Then came another American effort, "John Jasper's Secret," which I read in a village lending library long ago: it was pretty weak. Then a "spirit pen" in Brattleboro, Vermont, took a hand; I read that, too, as nearly as anyone has been able to read it, for it was dense as reinforced concrete. Then came "Gillan Vase's" "A Great Mystery Solved," in 1878, in which Mrs. Sapsea's part is worth noticing. "The Complete Mystery of Edwin Drood," by J. Cuming Walter (Chapman, 1912), gives the history, continuations, and solutions from 1870 to 1912; since then several more have appeared, and the official report of the "Trial of John Jasper, lay precentor of Cloisterham Cathedral in the county of Kent, for the murder of Edwin Drood, Engineer," heard by Mr. Justice Gilbert K. Chesterton with a special jury (of which Bernard Shaw was a diligent member) was printed by Chapman in 1914. This is the "solution" that most pleases me, possibly because it leaves Edwin alive, for I could never hear in the cadence of the last words written about him before he disappears, the beat of the approaching foot of the undertaker, always to be discerned when a Dickens character is about to be violently taken off or feel in Edwin's own words the charnel breath of blank verse that shows he is not long for this world. One could not have doubted, for instance, that Nancy would soon be with the angels in "Oliver Twist," when her parts of speech took so sudden a turn for the better.

"The Problem of Edwin Drood," by W. Robertson Nicoll (Hodder & Stoughton, 1912), is a classic study of the subject; Andrew Lang's "The Puzzle of Dickens's Last Plot" (Chapman, 1905) is celebrated; it agrees in the main with the most popular of the "conclusions," that of R. A. Proctor's "Watched by the Dead" (Allen, 1887). "The Mystery in the Drood Family," by Montagu Saunders (not Summers), came in 1914; "Keys to the Drood Mystery," by Edwin Charles, goes in strong for motive, brings out a curious preoccupation with Macbeth, and actually finds a cryptogram, *Edwin Drood*, in the inscription on Mrs. Sapsea's monument. Mary Kavanagh's "A New Solution to the Mystery of Edwin Drood," published by Longmans, Green about 1919, began well by reminding one that it is unlikely Edwin should die, considering that the sympathies of Dickens are always on the side of his hero, but when she went on to intimate that Tartar might be Drood in disguise, I just gave up. "About Edwin Drood," by H. Jackson (Columbia University Press, 1911), points to the walk taken by Crisparkle when the jewelry of Drood is found, and brings out the evident intention of tying this up with the hypnotic powers of Jasper.

The very last thing I expected was to be presented at this late day with a genuine piece of new evidence of constructive value in the Drood Case, the only piece of higher criticism that has been added for years. This is to be found in *The Bookman* for February, 1930, the title being "John Jasper—Strangler" and the author the Reverend Doctor Howard Duffield, president of the New York branch of the Dickens Fellowship; it was he, indeed, who gave me the letters of introduction that made my Rochester walk easier. I will not say one word about the nature of the brilliant new idea here to be found, beyond stating that it is amazingly convincing, uncommonly well documented, and—now that you are told—so clear that like all hidden things once discovered, the mystery seems mainly that no one caught sight of it before. It does not complete the story, and I am permitted to believe that the Trial arrived at the right verdict, but it certainly did not have this bit of contemporary evidence. This is a fine number of *The Bookman* for my purposes, by the way; I have already recommended articles in it to two other correspondents, but not the one about Ernest Hemingway.

HERE is a matter that must take precedence of a long line of letters waiting for print. *G. V., Glenside, Pa.*, tells me of a young girl in the grip of a disease slowly cutting off her contacts with the outer world. She is bedridden and has been blind for several years: now her hearing is going. Music and literature have been her only occupations, and now these are being taken away: her friends, who have taken turns in reading and playing to her, feel that the situation is desperate, and beg the readers of this department to tell them if there is anything that they can do. The girl reads Braille, and is now making attempts at digital lip-reading; some of us may have valuable suggestions for acquiring this technique. Someone may also know something about the electrical device known as the Phipps Unit, enabling the deaf to receive radio broadcast by contact with the jaw, or another form of receiver which may be held between the teeth and operates by "bone transmission." G. V. says this sounds too good to be true, but they are going to try everything.

I need not tell you to send any information you may have, that might meet this case in any way, to this department. Indeed, I do not see why in this instance I may not break the rule of the department that no names be given, and tell you what this inquirer told me, in response to my letter: "The name of this brave little lady is Bertha Mullin, and she lives at 125 East Meehan Avenue, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Penn. Drop her a line sometime; her mother will spell it out to her by some form of sign language. It is needless to say that Bertha, who knows and loves the *Saturday Review*, would be overjoyed to hear from you. She's really a remarkable girl, very talented musically, draws very well, even since becoming blind, and has a good working command of words."

That is more than I have, when I think of her.

P. M. W., Baltimore, Md., asks for a simple and popular handbook of parliamentary procedure, easier than Robert's "Rules of Order."

"HOW to Organize and How to Conduct a Meeting," by Henry and Seeley (Hinds), is one of the simplest; "Parliamentary Usage for Women's Clubs," by E. A. Fox (Doubleday, Doran) is easy; another that progresses by twenty-four simple graded lessons is the "Primer of Parliamentary Law," by Joseph T. Robert (Doubleday, Doran). It would be worth while keeping Hall and Sturgis's "Textbook of Parliamentary Law" (Macmillan) on hand; this is not a manual for consultation during meetings, but a series of lessons on the principles involved, with exercises of various kinds.

H. H., New York, asks for books about Holland.

FIRST, get "The Flavor of Holland," by Adele de Leeuw (Century), for just what the title says. Then "The Netherlands Displayed," by Marjorie Bowen (Dodd, Mead), a sumptuous volume, and her admirable "Holland" (Doubleday, Doran). "Holland of To-day" (Penn) is one of George Wharton Edwards's color-illustrated gift-books, very lovely. "Come With Me Through Belgium and Holland," by Frank Schoonmaker (McBride), is a useful little guide; "The Spell of Holland," by Burton Stevenson (Page), a handsomely illustrated work; "Through the Gates of the Netherlands," by Mary E. Waller (Little, Brown), a good travel record: "Things Seen in Holland," by C. E. Roche (Dutton), a small handbook full of pictures. Read the "Small Souls" group of four novels of society at the Hague, by Louis Couperus (Dodd, Mead), and the novels of Jo von Ammers-Kuller, of which the latest is "Tantalus" (Dutton).

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[FROM AN EDITORIAL]

I want to persuade my readers to secure the current issue of *The Bookman*. In my opinion, this is the most important and the most significant number ever printed.

I have known *The Bookman* from its birth in England, October 1891, and have but to turn around in my chair to reach for the first eleven volumes. In 1897 I left England and a little while later transferred my allegiance to *The Bookman* in America, whose first editor was, I believe, Professor Thurston Peck. In all these years since I do not recall a single issue which, for interest, insight, and courage, comes up to the one that lies on my desk at this moment.

Glenway Westcott's appreciation of Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Chesterton's characteristic outburst on "Magic and Fantasy in Fiction," Francis Hackett's essay on "The Post-Victorians," and Hamlin Garland's "Roadside Meetings," would, by themselves, make any magazine notable. But that which makes this issue so worth while for the student of contemporary tendencies in literature is the space that it gives to, and the attitude it reveals toward, humanism. Not to speak of the rather militant controversy between Allen Tate and Robert Shafer on what Mr. Tate called "The Fallacy of Humanism," there are two other articles that should be read by everybody who would understand what all the excitement is about.

Mr. Seward Collins, the editor, devotes his whole article on "Chronicle and Comment" to humanism. In fifteen two-column pages Mr. Collins gives his readers the most thorough and intelligent review and exposition of the humanistic movement it has ever been my good fortune to read. It would be impossible to give in a few paragraphs the gist of this comprehensive essay. I think there is scarcely a point at issue between humanists and anti-humanists on which Mr. Collins has not something illuminating to say. The whole movement is here set forth with a sympatheitc understanding and a clarity of expression that makes the essay of immense value to those of my readers who know of humanism only what its enemies have ignorantly said of it.

But the chief place is given to Mr. Paul Elmer More's article on "A Revival of Humanism." It is far more than the review of *Humanism and America*, which it modestly pretends to be. It is an answer—and a magnificent answer—to all those sneering critics who delight in pointing out that humanists "can't even agree among themselves," and who draw the damning conclusion that humanism is nothing but confusion worse confounded. That there should be divergencies in so critical and delicate an attitude toward life and letters as humanism implies is a foregone conclusion, the human mind being what it is. But the truly impressive thing is the unanimity of humanists on certain essential and revolutionary views and attitudes.

W. E. L.

In the *Foxboro* (Mass.) *Reporter*, March 29.

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The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

Spring Number

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"UNCLE SAM" - - - - *Reviewed by* HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE BOWLING GREEN - - - - *By* CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

"ROGUE HERRIES" - - - - *Reviewed by* LOUIS BROMFIELD

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